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A
COLLECTION
OF
EPITAPHS
AND
MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS,
HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, LITERARY,
AND MISCELLANEOUS.

To which is prefixed,
AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

TWO VOLUMES.

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EPITAPHS, &c.

ON ANDREW T.—

Passenger, Stay, Read, Walk, Here Lyeth,

ANDREW T.— WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE,
NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER,

NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR
LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL;
WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY,
NOR COUNTRY, NOR AT HOME,

NOR ABROAD, NOR AT
SEA, NOR ON LAND, NOR
HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE,
BUT EVERY WHERE;
WHO DIED, NEITHER OF
HUNGER, NOR POYSON,
NOR HATCHET, NOR
HALTER, NOR DOGGE,
NOR DISEASE, BUT OF
ALL TOGETHER. I. J. H.

BEING NEITHER HIS
DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE,

NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR
NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL, IN HIS ME-
MORY, HAVE ERECTED THIS, NEI-
THER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR

SEPULCHER, BUT ALL; WISHING NEITHER EVIL
NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE NOR TO HIM,
BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

ON A LYAR.

Good passenger! here lies one here,
That living, did *lye* every where.

ON LORD NELSON.

By Mr. Good.

"Hold! pride of Albion! more thou canst not will,
"Fate drops the scale—the main is Britain's still!
"Thy country safe, unparallel'd thy fame,
"Go—seize the crown no hero else can claim."
So spake the Genius of the British shore,
That o'er Trafalgar mark'd the battle's roar;
Great NELSON's spirit eyed the starry prize,
And 'mid a blaze of glory pierc'd the skies.

ON THE SAME.

Let those who seek, inquisitive of fame,
This sacred shrine, with awful echoing tread,
Read in the silent clay-cold tenant's name,
His living glory, though the man be dead.
No pompous verse (heroic but in sound)
His list of triumphs and his deeds shall tell:
To blaze that fame a little circle round,
Which the whole world has register'd so well.

No,—the officious Muse in vain would strive
To deck with roses his lamented bier;
The laurels NELSON won shall ever thrive,
And drink the dew of ev'ry patriot tear.

ON THE SAME.

Sacred to the Memory of

HORATIO LORD NELSON,

Who, pious, brave, and fortunate,
 Beloved by Men, and in peace with God,
 Wanted nothing to complete the full measure
 Of his glory,

But much to that of his reward;
 Heaven and his country unite to discharge the debt:
 Heaven by taking him to eternal happiness,
 His country by devoting him to eternal remembrance.

 LINES ON THE SAME.
By Mr. Cumberland.

In Death's dark house the hero lies,
 Cold his heart, and clos'd his eyes;
 His flag, that to the foe ne'er bow'd;
 His signal once, but now his shroud.
 The partner of his former wars
 Views his dead body trench'd with scars;
 He gave the wreck, he could no more,
 All but his life was lost before.
 Death, the great conqueror, could not win the whole.
 Earth keeps his ashes; Heav'n receives his soul.

 IN A VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

Life is at best but like a winter's day,
 As full of storms, and yet so loth to stay,
 We scarce can count the hours, before it glides away.

DOWNTON CHURCH-YARD, SHROPSHIRE.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Who died March 6, 1795, in her 22nd year.

HERE, mould'ring in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty, lies;
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes
A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom,
Her virtues, Misery, oft reliev'd, may tell,
The rest, let silent Charity entomb;
Nor suffer busy, unrelenting Zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue,
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And Malice reverence what it never knew.
But should the justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults, with judgment too severe,
Let mild-ey'd Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

ON HAVARD,

THE COMEDIAN, WHO DIED FEB. 20, 1778.

By Garrick.

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man, belov'd as soon as known.
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part;
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

ON MR. JOSEPH SOUTER HURST.

Who died June 22, 1784, aged 27 years.

READER, approach his urn—thou need'st not fear,
 Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear;
 To mourn a youthful friend, from whom thou'lt learn
 More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
 Of mortals! Come, with serious thought survey
 This little tenement of silent clay,
 And know thy end.— — — — —
 Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,
 The young, the gay, alas! is now no more.
 While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
 Few faithful words shall his great worth rehearse.
 The man whose reputation had no taint,
 Transcends the poet's praise, the limner's paint;
 In action prudent, and in word sincere,
 In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;
 Thro' life's vain scenes the same in ev'ry part,
 A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
 He vaunts no honours, all his pride a mind,
 As infants guiltless, and as angels kind.
 When ask'd who could these lovely virtues boast,
 The answer is—they centre all in Hurst.

ON LORD BROOK.

This accomplished nobleman and charming poet
 ordered this simple epitaph to be fixed on his grave.

“Servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King
 James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.”

ON A FRIEND.

By Dr. Wolcot.

Tho' here in death thy relics lie,
 Thy worth shall live in Mem'ry's eye ;
 Who oft at night's pale noon shall stray,
 To bathe with tears thy lovely clay.

Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
 Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn ;
 With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
 In sorrow for a brother's doom.

AN EPITAPH.

By Mr. Holcroft.

Good passenger stay not to ask what's my name :
 I'm nothing at present, from nothing I came ;
 I never was much, and am now less than ever :
 And idle hath certainly been his endeavour,
 Who, coming from nothing, to nothing is fled,
 Yet thought he might something become were he dead.

SIENNA.

ON A DRUNKARD.

WINE gives life ; it was death to me. I could not
 behold the morning in a sober state. Even my
 bones are now thirsty. Stranger ! sprinkle the
 grave with wine ; empty the cup, and go. Farewel,
 ye drinkers.

EASINGWOLD.

ON ANNA HARRISON,

Well known by the name of NAINA RANN DANN,

Who was chaste, but no prude,

And tho' free, yet no harlot,

By principle virtuous,

By education a protestant.

Her freedom made her liable to censure,

Whilst her extensive charities made her esteemed.

Her tongue and her hands were not governable,

But the rest of her members she kept in subjection.

After a life of 80 years thus spent,

She died Nov. 15th, 1745.

Passenger, weigh her virtues,

Be charitable,

And speak well of her.

LINSTED, KENT.

ON MR. JAMES FERGUSON,

Merchant Adventurer.

INFANCY, youth, and age, are, from the womb,
 Man's short but dangerous passage to the tomb.

Here landed (the proceed of what we ventur'd,) *in*

In Nature's custom-house this dust is enter'd.

Alms-deeds are surest bills at sight, (the rest

On heav'n's exchange, are subject to protest.)

This uncorrupted manna of the just

To lasting store, exempt from worms and dust.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON DAVID GARRICK,

Who died in the year 1779, aged 63 years.

By Mr. Pratt.

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
 —Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,—
 A Shakespeare rose—then, to expand his fame
 Wide o'er this “breathing world,” a Garrick came.
 Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
 The actor's genius bade them breathe anew :
 Though, like the Bard himself, in night they lay,
 Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day :
 And, till Eternity, with power sublime,
 Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
 Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine,
 And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

ON THE SAME.

PATHTIC Recollection lend thine aid,
 To pay due tribute to his hallowed shade ;
 Call forth each wond'rous power by him possess'd,
 Which agitated oft the human breast :
 But vain the task, such num'rous beauties rise,
 On each reflection, that with streaming eyes
 Great Nature speaks ! speaks with prophetic pain,
 “ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

SHOCKENHURST.

ON MISS ELIZABETH CARY,

Aged 21, died 1794.

WHILE health sat blooming on Eliza's face,
And ev'ry feature shone with youthful grace;
While the fond parent future fame foretold,
And saw with joy her faculties unfold;
Saw through her lovely form a polish'd mind,
A gentle temper, and a taste refin'd.
Short was the joy, for at high heav'n's behest
She ceas'd from blessing, that she might be blest.
Like some fair flower, when an untimely storm
Rifies its sweetness, and destroys its form.

ON A BARRISTER,

WHO DIED INSOLVENT.

WITHOUT effects died *Nolo Pros.*

How happens this? cries one, and pauses——
His palm no fees were known to cross;
Effects can only spring from *causes*.

ON HOGARTH.

By Dr. Johnson.

THE hand of him here torpid lies
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS, BART.

Who was killed at the Siege of Belleisle, 1761.

BY GRAY.

HERE foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
 Young WILLIAMS fought for ENGLAND'S fair re-
 nown ;

His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
 Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At AIX his voluntary sword he drew,
 There first in blood his infant honour seal'd ;
 From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
 And scorn'd repose when BRITAIN took the field

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
 Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
 Ah, gallant youth ! this marble tells the rest,
 Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.

ON SIR JOSEPH ANDREWS,

WHO DIED DEC. 29, 1800.

By H. J. Pye, Esq.

As Heaven's ambrosial gales and genial showers
 Deck Nature's smiling face with vernal flowers ;
 So shall, lamented Andrews ! o'er thy tomb
 The flowers arise of amaranthine bloom :
 By those blest gales and showers matur'd, that blow
 The sighs of Virtue, and the tears of Woe.

*Inscription on the pedestal of an urn erected at
Nuneham.*

Sacred to the Memory of
FRANCES POOLE,
VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

By Whitehead.

HERE shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found ;
This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around hereafter rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead ;
May here be taught what worth the world has known ;
Her wit, her sense, her virtues, were her own ;
To her peculiar—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.
O, if kind Pity steal on Virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh ;
From soft Humanity's ingenuous flame
A wish may rise to emulate her fame ;
And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those who now lament her are no more.

TONG, KENT.

DEAR soul ! she suddenly was snatch'd away,
And turned into cold and lifeless clay ;
She was a loving mother and a virtuous wife,
Faithful and just in every part of life.
We here on earth do fade as do the flowers,
Note mark what follows,
She was alive and well, and dead within three hours.

A CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

P R S V E R Y P E R F C T M N
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

The above letters were affixed to the communion table of a small church in Wales, and continued puzzle the learned congregation for some centuries; it was at length decyphered, and it appeared, by the use of the single vowel E, the following pious couplet was to be formed :—

PERSEVERE YE PERFECT MEN,
EVER KEEP THESE PRECEPTS TEN.

ST. PETER'S, CANTERBURY.

In Memory of
THE SNELLINGS,

Man and Wife.

In this cold bed, here consummated are
The *second nuptials* of a happy pair,
Whom envious Death once parted, but in vain,
For now himself has made them one again;
Here wedded in the grave, and, 'tis but just,
That they that were *one flesh*, should be *one dust*.

FOOT'S CRAY, KENT.

THE 18th August I was at Foot's Cray,
To see for an epitaph, I can truly say;
But, as I found none, I went merrily on,
And to St. Mary Cray, I am certainly gone.

BARKING, ESSEX.

ON SARAH RICKETTS,

AGED 68, 1767.

HERE honest SARAH RICKETTS lies,
 By many much esteem'd,
 Who really was no otherwise
 Than what she ever seem'd.

ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS.

ON ROBERT HOPE.

READER, it grieves me that I cannot bring
 A sea of tears to drown my sorrows in,
 For the lamented death of my dear father,
 Whose soul God lately to himself did gather.
 His life was ever holy, and last breath
 Was full of goodness, pious at his death :
 Which confidently makes me hope and trust,
 His fame takes wing from his so hopeful dust :
 Oh, grief stops my eye-streams ! pray, Reader, then
 Lend me some tears till I can weep again.

ISLINGTON.

ON JOHN EDGERLY.

As Death patrol'd the northern road,
 In this town stopt ; (a short abode)
 Enquiring where true merit lay,
 Envid ; and snatch'd this youth away.

BEDDINGTON, SURREY.

ON FRANCIS APPLEBEE.

I NOTHING am, I nothing have,
I nothing care, I nothing crave,
But that my Jesus I may see,
And that he may be all to me.

ON TOM D'URFEY.

HERE lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong :
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet ;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, Reader ! grieve that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

He is buried in the porch of St. James's church,
Westminster, with this simple inscription :—

TOM D'URFEY DIED.

BY AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE,

ON HER HUSBAND.

O, cruel Death ! how could you be so unkind,
As to take *he* before, and leave *me* behind ;
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more agreeable to the sur-
vivor.

ON AN UGLY OLD MAID.

THIS maid no elegance of form possess'd,
 No earthly love defil'd her sacred breast;
 Hence free she liv'd from the deceiver, man;
 Heav'n meant it as a blessing—she was plain.

LEE, ESSEX.

ON MR. WILLIAM HAMPTON.

As *Mary* mourn'd to find the stone remov'd
 From o'er the LORD, who was her best belov'd,
 So *Mary* mourns, that here hath laid this stone: H
 Upon her best beloved husband gone.

ON A TOMBSTONE,

IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

BEHOLD this silent grave, which doth embrace,
 A virtuous wife, with *Rachel's* lovely face,
Sarah's obedience, *Lydia's* open heart,
Martha's good sense, and *Mary's* better part.

ON DR. FLETCHER, BISHOP OF LONDON.

By Sir J. Harington.

HERE lies the first prelate made Christendom see
 A bishop, a husband unto a lady;
 The cause of his death was secret and hid,
 He cry'd, "Oh boy, I die," and ev'n so he did.

ON A COBLER.

DEATH at a cobbler's door oft made a stand,
 But always found him on the *mending* hand ;
 At length Death came, in very dirty weather,
 And ripp'd the soul from off the upper leather :
 The cobbler call'd for his awl,—Death gave his last,
 And buried in oblivion all the past.

ST. PETER'S, CANTERBURY.

TOUCH not the grave, my bones, not yet the dust,
 But let this stone, which stands, be *rotten first*.

IN WEST GRINSTEAD CHURCH-YARD,

SUSSEX.

VAST strong was I, but yet did dye,
 And in my grave asleep I lye ;
 My grave is stean'd round about,
 Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.

ON — DU BOIS,

*A fencing master, born in a baggage waggon, and
 killed in a duel : said to be written by Lord
 Rochford.*

BEGOT in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
 Carte and tierce was his life, and a carte was his
 death.

ABBOT'S LANGLEY-CHURCH, HERTS.

ON BERNALD HALE.

By David Garrick, Esq.

FROM ling'ring pain, thy patience bore,
 Rest, lovely youth, for ever free ;
 Exert thy filial love once more,
 Teach us to bear the loss of thee !
 With thee our comfort joy and boast,
 Did every blissful vision end ;
 With thee, alas ! at once we lost
 A son, companion, and a friend !
 So fine thy thread of life was spun,
 Nature so richly wrought thy mind ;
 That she proclaim'd the work was done
 For heav'n, and not to bless mankind.

GUNWALLOW, NEAR HELSTONE.

SHALL	WE	ALL	DIE
WE	SHALL	DIE	ALL
ALL	DIE	SHALL	WE
DIE	ALL	WE	SHALL

NUREMBERG.

ON ALBERT DURER

Is a Latin Inscription, in English thus.

WHAT was mortal of *Albert Durer* lies under this
 tomb. He went hence the 7th of the Ides of April,
 1548.

ST. NEOT'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.

*On a tomb, said to contain the remains of St. Neot, are
scribed these uncouth lines to his honour and memory*

CONSUMING time Neotus' flesh
And bones to dust translated ;
A sacred tomb this dust inclos'd,
Which now is ruined.
Tho' flesh, and bones, and dust, and time
Thro' tract of time be rotten,
Yet Neot's fame remains with us,
Which nere shall be forgotten ;
Whose father was a Saxon king ;
St. Dunstan was his teacher ;
In famous Oxford he was eke
The first professed preacher ;
That then in schools, by quaintest terms
The sacred themes expounded,
Which schools by his advice the good
King Alfred well had founded :
But in those days, the furious Danes
The Saxons' peace molested,
And Neot forced was to leave
That place so much infested
With hostile spoils : then *Ainsbury*
His place of refuge was,
Within the shire of Huntingdon,
Where since it came to pass,
That for his sake the place from him
Doth take its common name ;
The vulgar call it now St. Neep's,
Their market town of fame.

There Alfric built a monastery,
 To Neor 'twas behested;
 And Rosey, wife to th' Erle of Clare,
 With means the same invested,
 For maintenance in after times :
 Where long he did not stay,
 But thence enforc'd by furious Danes,
 He forward took his way
 To *Guerriers-Stoke*, for his repose :
 This place so call'd of yore,
 But now best known by Neot's name,
 More famous than before.
 For why a college here of clerks
 He had, whose fame increased,
 When as his corpse was clad in clay,
 And he from hence deceased.
 Some say his bones were carried home ;
St. Neot's will have it so,
 Which claims the grace of Neot's tomb ;
 But hereto we say No.

ON JOHN COLE,

Who died suddenly while at dinner.

HERE lies JOHNNY COLE,
 Who died, on my soul,
 After eating a plentiful dinner ;
 While chewing his crust,
 He was turn'd into dust,
 With his crimes *undigested*,—poor sinner !

RUGBY.

ON JOSEPH CAVE.

By Dr. Hawkesworth.

NEAR this place lies the body of

JOSEPH CAVE,

Late of this parish;

Who departed this life Nov. 18, 1747,

Aged 79 years.

He was placed by Providence in a humble station, but industry abundantly supplied the wants of nature, and temperance blest him with contentment and wealth. As he was an affectionate father, he made happy in the decline of life, by the deservings of his eldest son

EDWARD CAVE,

who, without interest, fortune, or connection, by the native force of his own genius, assisted on a classical education, which he received at the Grammar school of this town, planned, executed, and established a literary work called

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

whereby he acquired an ample fortune, the whole of which devolved to his family.

Here also lies

The body of WILLIAM CAVE,

second son of the said JOSEPH CAVE, who died 2, 1757, aged 62 years, and who, having survived his elder brother,

EDWARD CAVE,

inherited from him a competent estate; and, in gratitude to his benefactor, ordered this monument to perpetuate his memory.

He lived a patriarch in his numerous race,
 And shew'd in charity a Christian's grace :
 Whate'er a friend or parent feels he knew ;
 His hand was open, and his heart was true ;
 In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind
 A grateful always is a generous mind.
 Here rest his clay ! his soul must ever rest,
 Who bless'd when living, dying must be blest.

ON A POOR BUT HONEST MAN.

Stop, Reader, here, and deign a look
 On one without a name ;
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
 Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife ;
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;
 His coat of arms, "A spotless life,"
 "An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was Innocence ;
 And this his motto ran :
 "A conscience void of all offence,
 "Before both God and Man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
 Now scorns his pedigree ;
 Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
 To this great family.

YEOVIL, SOMERSET.

ON JOHN WEBB,

*Son of John and Mary Webb, Clothiers, who died of
the Measles, May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.*

How still he lies!
And clos'd those eyes,
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles,
Like clothiers' teasles,
Have scratch'd his life away.

Cockineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are blue and black,
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs stretch,
Like cloth upon the rack.

Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries,
My dear, and not repine,
For ten to one,
When God's work's done,
He'll come off superfine.

ON MR. NEWCOMIN,

OF CLARE-HALL, IN CAMBRIDGE.

Weep ye Clarenses, weep all about,
For New-com-in is new gone out;
Weep not Clarenses, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

ON AN ATTORNEY,

By Anthony Pasquin.

READER ! beware the path you tread,
 Lest, by mischance, you wake the dead ;
 Nor deem my caution insincere,
 For *Lawyer W.*— sleepeth here :
 A man to every demon known,
 Who made the statutes all his own !
 Conceiv'd in Ruin's baneful womb,
 His heart was harder than his tomb.
 For forty summers at assize
 He cast a film o'er Reason's eyes ;
 But now, alas ! his toil is o'er,
 Who made us sweat at every pore ;
 For now, remov'd from mortal evil,
 He'll do his best to *cheat the devil*.

ON THOMAS JONES.

HERE for the nonce,
 Came THOMAS JONES,
 In *St. Giles's* church to ly,
 None Welch before,
 None Welchman more,
 Till *Shon Clerk* dy.

He tole his bell,
 He ring his knell,
 He dyed well,
 He's saved from hell :
 And so farewell
Tom Jones.

ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

Who was drowned.

WHERE *Drake* first found, there last he lost his fam
 And for the tomb left nothing but his name ;
 His body's bury'd under some great wave,
 The sea, that was his glory, is his grave:
 Of him no man true epitaph can make,
 For who can say, "*Here lies Sir Francis Drake.*"

ON A MUCH LAMENTED MOTHER,

By her affectionate sons.

Who wou'd not weep upon a matron's tomb,
 Whose pious care demands the filial tear!
 Who wou'd not mourn th' irrevocable doom
 That from our bosoms tore a parent dear.
 In each relation of domestic life,
 With fond regret her character we trace;
 A tender mother, and a faithful wife,
 She gave to virtue each attractive grace;
 Her widow'd Lord in vain assay'd to heal
 His wounded heart, then hail'd a hasty grave;
 Bereft of her their offspring ne'er can feel
 That social joy her cheerful presence gave.
 Yet, in her bright example, ever blest,
 And by her precepts may they gain that rest
 To which, alas! how soon she's led the way.

ON A DYER.

BELOW this turf a man doth lie,
 Who dy'd to live, and liv'd to *dye*!

TODDINGTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.

ON MARIA WENTWORTH,

Who died in the year 1632, aged 18.

AND here the pretious dvste is layde,
Whose pverile tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the gvest betray'd.

Else the soyle grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a cherebim.

In heigth it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth, in general love.

Before a pious dvtye shin'd,
To parents, cvrtesie, behin'd;
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kinde, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

Soe, though a virgin, yet a bride
To everie grace, she justified
A chaste poligamic, and dyed.

*This Inscription is on an Attorney's Grave-stone, in
which the Initials of his name were cut very deep.*

INITIALS just, for well ye shew
How deep he was who lies below.

RUDGIVAN CHURCH, CORNWALL.

ON JOHN SOUTH, RECTOR,

Who died Oct. 6, 1636.

LET Nature's coarser children have
 A tongueless tomb, or but a grave :
South the meridian point of wit
 Can never set, but shine in it,
 Ripe artist, and divine inspir'd,
 Thou liv'dst, thou died'st, belov'd, admir'd
 Hyperbolise I do not :—true,
 All's here : dear, dearest friend, adieu.

ON A PORTER.

At length, by works of wond'rous fate,
 Here lyes the porter of Winchester-gate ;
 If gone to Heav'n, as much I fear,
 He can be but a porter there.
 He fear'd not hell, so much for's sin,
 As for th' great rapping, and oft coming in.

SHREWSBURY CHURCH-YARD.

ON AN OLD MAID.

HERE lies the body of *Martha Dias*,
 Who was always uneasy, and not over pious ;
 Shé liv'd to the age of threescore and ten,
 And gave that to the worms she refus'd to the men

THE DEATH OF HANDEL.

In the midst of the performance of the Messiah, in the Lent Oratorio (1759) nature exhausted, he dropt his head upon the keys of the organ on which he was playing, and with difficulty was raised up again. He recovered his spirits, and went on managing the performance till the whole was finished, when he was carried home and died.

To melt the soul, to captivate the ear,
(Angels such melody might deign to hear)
To anticipate on earth the joys of heav'n,
'Twas Handel's task : to him that power was given.

Ah! when he late attun'd Messiah's praise,
With sounds celestial, with melodious lays,
A last farewell his languid looks exprest,
And thus methinks th' enraptur'd crowd address't.

"Adieu, my dearest friends! and also you,
"Joint sons of sacred Harmony, adieu!
"Apollo whisp'ring prompts me to retire,
"And bids me join the bright seraphic choir:"

"O, for Elijah's car!" great Handel cry'd:
Messiah heard his voice—and Handel dy'd.

RIPPON, CHURCH-YARD.

ON ZACHARY JEPSON.*

HERE lies ZACHARY JEPSON, whose age was 49 years.
A very short period, for so worthy a person.

* Among other charitable donations he gave £.2000 for pious uses.

A VERY ANCIENT EPITAPH.

ON MARTIN MAR. PRELATE.

THE Welchman is hanged,
 Who at our kirk flanged,
 And at her state banged,
 And breaded are his bukes ;
 And though he be hanged,
 Yet he is not wranged,
 The devil has him fanged,
 In his cruked klukes.

PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, MOUSEHOLE, CORNWALL.

ON DOLLY PENTREATH,

*Who was one of the last persons known to speak the
 Cornish language, and died at the great age of 102.
 Her epitaph is both in CORNISH and ENGLISH.*

OLD DOLL PENTREATH, one hundred age and two,
 Both born, and in Paul parish buried too ;
 Not in the church 'mongst people great and high,
 But in the church-yard doth old DOLLY lie !

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN ESSEX.

WEEP not for me, my husband dear ;
 Keep it in mind that I lies here :
 And have compassion on the nine
 Motherless children I have left behind.

ON MRS. SAVILLE.

WHEN Heaven did thy fair soul receive,
 Which did as fair a body leave,
 A general sadness fill'd each place;
 We read thy death in every face:
 Thy loss the bankrupt age deprives;
 (O best of women! best of wives!)
 Of virtue's image drawn as fair,
 We must to see the like despair:
 Yet go! for should'st thou longer stay,
 And heaven our loss thy crown delay,
 No mortal honours would suffice,
 We should not love but idolize.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

ON LADY SOUTHAMPTON,

Who died June 1798.

FAREWELL, dear shade! But let this marble tell
 What heav'nly worth in youth and beauty fell.
 With ev'ry virtue blest, whate'er thy lot,
 To charm a court, or dignify a cot;
 In each relation shone thy varied life,
 Of daughter, sister, mother, friend, and wife.
 Seen with delight in Fortune's golden ray,
 Suffering remain'd to grace thy parting day.
 When smiling Languor spoke the candid soul,
 And Patience check'd the sigh Affection stole;
 The gifts of Heaven in piety confest,
 Calmly resign'd, and ev'ry plaint suppress;
 The consort's faith, the parent's tender care,
 Points the last look, and breathes the dying prayer.

ON MR. ROBERT SLEATH,

WHO DIED NOV. 23, 1805.

*He kept the turnpike gate at Worcester, and demanded
toll from His Majesty, on his late visit to Bishop
Hurd, from which circumstance he was ever after
called, The man who stopped the King.*

ON Wednesday last old ROBERT SLEATH
Pass'd through the turnpike-gate of Death.
To him would Death no toll abate,
Who stopp'd the king at Wor'ster gate.

SHRIVENHAM CHURCH, BERKSHIRE.

ON SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

*Admiral of the White, and General of Marines, who
died August 16, 1800.*

BY HANNAH MORE.

HERE rests the hero, who, in glory's page,
Wrote his fair deeds for more than half an age,
Here rests the patriot, who, for England's good,
Each toil encounter'd, and each clime withstood.
Here rests the Christian, his the loftier theme,
To seize the conquest, yet renounce the fame.
He, when his arm St. Lucia's trophies boasts,
Ascribes the glory to the lord of hosts;
And when the harder task remain'd behind,
The passive courage and the will resign'd,
Patient the veteran victor yields his breath,
Secure in him who conquer'd Sin and Death.

LINES ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

By Goldsmith.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."

Says Richard, "Tom, you lie :

"Old Rancour the *report* has spread,

"But *Genius* cannot die."

BICTON CHURCH, DEVON.

ON DENYS ROLLE, ESQ.

By Dr. Fuller.

His earthly part within this tombe doth rest,
 Who kept a court of honour in his breaste ;
 Birth, beaultie, wit, and wisdome, sat as pieres,
 Till Death mistook his virtues for his years ;
 Or else heaven envy'd earth so rich a treasure,
 Wherein too fine the wave, too scant the measure :
 His mournful wife, her love to shew in part,
 This tombe built here—a better in her heart.
 Sweete babe, his hopeful leyre—Heav'n grant this
 boon,

Live but so well ; but, oh ! dye not so soon.

ON MR. GEORGE BIRCH,

Who died February 21, 1796, aged 85 years.

WHEN in affliction he did lie,

God, did his affliction sanctify ;

For as we were told,

~~He was~~ born again, after he was old.

HATCOMBE, DEVON.

ON THOMAS CAREW AND HIS WIFE

Who died within two days of each other, in Decr
1656.

Two bodies lie beneath this stone,
Whom love and marriage long made one;
One soul conjoin'd them by a force
Above the pow'r of Death's divorce:
One flame of love their lives did burn,
Even to ashes, in their urn.
They die, but not depart, who meet
In wedding and in winding sheet:
Whom God hath knit so firm in one,
Admit no separation.
Therefore unto one marble trust
We leave their now united dust;
As root, in Earth's embrace, to rise
Most lovely flowers in Paradise.

KENDALL.

ON THE REV. R. STYREN.

LONDON bred me,	Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me,	My sister wed me,
Study taught me,	Living sought me,
Learning bought me,	Kendall caught me,
Labour pressed me,	Sickness distressed me,
Death oppress'd me,	The grave possessed me,
God first gave me,	Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and Heaven would have me	

TODDINGTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.

ON MARIA WENTWORTH,

Who died in the year 1632, aged 18.

AND here the pretious dvste is layde,
Whose pverile tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the gvest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a cherebim.

In heighth it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth, in general love.

Before a pious dvtye shin'd,
To parents, cvrtesie, behin'd;
On either side, an eqval mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kinde, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

Soe, though a virgin, yet a bride
To everie grace, she justified
A chaste poligamic, and dyed.

*This Inscription is on an Attorney's Grave-stone, in
which the Initials of his name were cut very deep.*

INITIALS just, for well ye shew
How deep he was who lies below.

MORLEY-DOWN CHURCH, CUMBERLAND.

ON THOMAS BOND AND HIS WIFE.

HERE lie the bodies
 Of Thomas Bond, and Mary his wife.
 She was temperate, chaste, charitable,
 BUT
 She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
 She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
 BUT
 Her husband and child, whom she loved,
 Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting
 frown ;
 Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised,
 With an endearing smile.
 Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,
 BUT
 Imprudent in her family.
 Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good
 breeding ;
 BUT
 At home by ill temper.
 She was a professed enemy to flattery,
 And was seldom known to praise or commend ;
 BUT
 The talents in which she principally excelled,
 Were difference of opinion, and
 Discovering flaws and imperfections.
 She was an admirable economist,
 And, without prodigality,
 Dispensed plenty to every person in her family ;
 BUT
 Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy
With her good qualities ;

BUT

Much more frequently miserable,
With her many failings ;
Insomuch, that in thirty years cohabitation,
He often lamented,
That maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed
Two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH,

Finding she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768, aged 48.

Her worn-out husband survived her

Four months and two days,

And departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768, aged 54.

WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased,

Erected this stone,

As a *weekly monitor* to the surviving

Wives of this parish,

That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed down to posterity,
With a patchwork character.

ON RICHARD BROWN,

*Who hanged himself soon after the sudden death of
his intended spouse, MISS ANN COFFIN.*

HERE lies *Richard Brown*, whose griefs none could

soften,
And death he preferred, for love of—a *Coffin*.

WISBECH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

*By the Rev. JAMES ASHLEY, (Rector of Fleet,
Lincolnshire)*

ON HIS BROTHER.

HAS Death enwrapp'd thee in this cloud of night,
Whilst Youth, Hope, Pleasure, gleam'd their th
ful ray?

So fades Aurora's ineffectual light,
When the pale morning blushes into day.
See by his dying form mild Patience stand,
Composing Agony with healing wing :
Hope, Ease, and Comfort wait on her command,
And o'er the mournful bed sweet requiems sing
Care, Pain, and Death, terrific gloom no more,
But seem to pave a golden way to Heaven ;
The race to reach the distant goal is o'er,
The toil is ended, and the prize is given.
And when on yonder star-pav'd plain you rove,
And pitying view us active forms of clay ;
Accept this mournful tribute of our love,
The best the brother and the friend can pay.

BY THE SAME.

ON HIS MOTHER.

FREED from the ever-dreary vale of life,
Here lies the wife, the mother, and the friend ;
Sickness and Health forego their wonted strife,
Death's ebon darts their opposition end.

Light lies the turf upon the guiltless breast,
 Whose mansion pure no earth-born passion stain'd;
 Where Pride ne'er gloom'd on its continual rest,
 Nor factious Envy with her breath prophan'd.
 Such, when the pomp of kingdoms is no more,
 When future suns shall light eternal skies,
 Shall land for ever on the blissful shore,
 Where flow the fountains of celestial joys.
 Such shall the meek-eyed cherub's friendship claim,
 And with companion angels swell the choir,
 In sounds of praise to the eternal name,
 Whilst heaven's own harmony informs the lyre.

GRANTHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.

ON CAPTAIN CUST,

Who was killed in a sea engagement.

READER, thy life, how blest soe'er it be,
 Is but a voyage on a dangerous sea.
 Would'st thou securely make the port of bliss,
 See this brave youth—be thy great aim like his—
 To live by general love, by virtue's laws,
 Or die with honour in the country's cause.

OTTERY, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DEVON.

ON JOHN AND RICHARD COOKE.

NEAR this marble lies, to rest,
 Of John and Richard Cooke, the dust;
 Who here must rest as in a bed,
 Till death and grave give up their dead.

LUTON CHURCH, BEDFORDSHIRE.

ON WILLIAM DE WENLOCK,

Who died 1392.

In Wenlok brad I,
In this toun Lordschipes had I,
Her am I now fady
Christes moder help me lady ;
Under thes stones
For a tym schall I reste my bones,
Dey mot I ned ones
Myghtful God grant me thy wones.

BURTON, OVERY.

THOMAS DYER,

OF LEICESTER'S FIRST CUT.

HERE lyeth the body of two aged 24 and 22,
THOMAS DYER, school-master of this place,
For pious parts, and virtue too,
We hope his soul's at rest, and WILLIAM SIMP,
too.

These flowers of youth were nipt away
By accident, as we may say ;
Death met them in the dark,
And caus'd us to weep,
And here they lie like two that are asleep.
Water is powerful, by them it shows,
Venture not where you do not know ;
Two brothers like within they lie, together liv'd

All you that pass us by,
 Take care, in time prepare to die;
 On June the 20th this accident was done,
 In one thousand seven hundred and twenty one.
 Here you see we are born to die,
 When God sees good, we cannot put it by;
 Let us mind God's word, let his book be our guide,
 Then Death will be a friend to us we need not be
 surprised.
 Our life's like a candle, a pen that writeth fast,
 Or a flower that fades, or blossoms that trees cast;
 Our glass runs on, our bodies from earth came,
 And to earth they must return again;
 When death to us appears, it makes us look wan,
 When a dart strikes thro' heart, then soul and
 Body parts, full soon then we are gone.
 Mind your time, think of your end,
 As they are gone, for want of room I must have done,
 1721.

POWDERHAM CHURCH, DEVON.

ON ELIZABETH ATWILL.

UNDER our Mother Earth, here lies the womb
 That of her child was both the fate and tomb;
 Though lately made a bride, yet soon she must
 Exchange her nuptial bed for one of dust:
 Well, King of Terrors, now we see thy rage,
 On infancy and youth, as well as age;
 If drops of tears the harder hearts wont spill.
 On this sad hearse, the softer *marble* will.

ON MR. HARE,

WHO DIED MARCH 17, 1804.

By the Duchess of Devonshire.

HARK ! 'twas the knell of Death—what spirit
 And burst the shackles man is doom'd to be
 Can it be true, that 'midst the senseless dead
 Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of ~~th~~
 Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
 (Pure as the æther of its kindred sky?)
 Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
 Or beam in vivid flashes from his eye?
 Oh, no! that mind, for every purpose fit,
 Has met, alas! the universal doom;
 Unrival'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit
 Were his, and only left him at the tomb.
 Rest, spirit! rest; for gentle was thy course,
 Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom kne
 For still Benevolence allay'd the force
 Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.
 Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
 Nor o'er thy various talents drop a tear;
 But weep to think I shall behold no more
 A lost companion, and a friend sincere.

ON MR. GOAD.

Go, add this verse to *Goad's* herse,
 For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himself is gone to God—
 'Twas Death's *Goad* drove him thither.

HAMBLEDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

ON SIR COPE D'OYLEY AND HIS LADY,

Under the Knight is inscribed:

Ask not of me, who's buried here?

Go ask the commons, ask the shiers,

Go ask the church, they'll tell thee who;

As well as blubber'd eyes can do;

Go ask the heraulds of the poor;

Thine ears shall hear enough to ask no more.

Then if thine eyes bedew this sacred urn,

Each drop a pearl will turn,

T' adorn his tomb; or if thou can'st not vent,

Thou bring'st more marble to his monument.

Under the Lady is inscribed:

Would'st thou, Reader, draw to life,

The perfect copy of a wife,

Read on; and then redeem from shame

That lost, but honourable name.

This was once in spirit a Jael,

Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail,

In works a Dorcas, to the church a Hannah;

And to her spouse Susanna;

Prudently simple, providently wary,

To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

ISLINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

ON AN ATTORNEY

Of the Middle Temple.

Who in his life-time he a pleasure took

Instructing youth from the most sacred book.

COLM WORTH CHURCH, BEDFORDSHIRE.

ON SIR W. DYER, KNT.

By his Lady.

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might either
Have sat up, or gone to bed together :
But since thy finish'd labour hath possess'd
Thy weary limbs with early rest,
Enjoy it sweetly, and thy widowe bride
Shall soon repose her by thy slumb'ring side ;
Whose business now is only to prepare
My nightly dress, and call to prayer.
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the day grows old,
The dews fall thick, my blood grows cold :
Draw, draw the closed curtains, and make room,
My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I come.

ON DR. HOARE,

Late principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

HERE lies th' accomplish'd Dr. HOARE,
Whose length of years was ninety-four.
His manners were the most polite ;
His learning was as exquisite :
He was in Greek to all superior,
And in Latin to few inferior.
There lies not in our Mother Earth
A son of more intrinsic worth ;
And at this time we hardly can
Find so learn'd, so good a man.

CHAPTER-HOUSE, CHESTER.

ON HUGH LUPUS, EARL OF CHESTER.

*At the head of his Coffin was a stone in the shape of
a T, with a Wolf's head, in allusion to his name.*

ALTHOUGH my corpse it lies in the grave,
And that my flesh consumed be ;
My picture here now that you have,
An Earl sometyme of this cittye :
HUGH LUPE by name,
Sunn to the DUKE OF BRITTANY ;
Of chivalrie then being flower,
And sisters sonne to WILLIAM Conquerour.
To the honour of God I did edifie
The foundation of this monastery.
The ninth year of this my foundation,
God changed my life to his heavenly mansion,
In the year of our Lord being gone
A thousand one hundred and one,
I changed this life verily
The 17th daie of July.

ON A BUTLER.

THAT death should thus from hence our butler catch
Into my mind it cannot quickly sink ;
Sure death came thirsty to the butt'ry hatch,
When he (that busied was) deny'd him drink.
Tut ! 'twas not so, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker ;
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind,
(The butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

BERKHAMSTEAD CHURCH, HERTS.

ON MRS. COWPER,

*Mother of Cowper the poet, by whom the following
Epitaph was written : she died Nov. 13, 1737.*

HERE lies interr'd, too soon bereft of life,
The best of mothers, and the kindest wife :
Who neither knew, nor practis'd any art,
Secure in all she wish'd, her husband's heart ;
Her love to him preserving ev'n in death,
Pray'd heav'n to bless him with her latest breath.
Still was she studious never to offend,
And glad of an occasion to commend :
With ease could pardon injuries receiv'd,
Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd :
Despising state, with her own lot content,
Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well-spent ;
Resign'd when Heav'n demanded back her breath,
Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.
Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,
O stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear ;
These lines, tho' weak, are like herself sincere.

ST. MARY'S CHAPEL, DURHAM,

ON JOHN BRIMLESS.

JOHN BRIMLESS body here doth ly,
Who prayesd God with hand and voice ;
By musickes heavenlie harmonie,
Dull myndes he made in God rejoice :
His soul into the Heavens is lyft,
To prayse HIM still that gave the gyft.

IN ST. MARTIN'S, LEICESTER,

Is a Latin Epitaph on Mr. RICHARD WALKER, SURGEON, which has been thus fancifully transcribed by the transcriber.

HERE lies RICHARD WALKER, late surgeon, no squire,
In person and manners as plain as a friar.

He doctor'd his patients with no small address,
But sometimes, like others, proceeded by guess;
Obliging and honest to all, aye, his wife,
Fit to live, fit to die, thus he ended his life:

Sept. 19, 1781, in his 65th year.

To a father so kind, his son John, a great wit,
For whom in the middle his fortune he split,
Tho' younger, inspir'd by grief, gratitude, joy,
Erected this monument for the old boy.

BUDBURY CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE.

ON THE HONOURABLE MISS VERNON.

By William Whitehead, Poet Laureat.

MILD as the opening morn's serenest ray,
Mild as the close of summer's softest day;
Her form, her virtues, (form'd alike to please
With artless charms, and unassuming ease;)
On every breast their mingling influence stole,
And in sweet union breath'd one beauteous whole.
This fair example to the world was lent
As the short lesson of a life well spent:
Alas, too short!—but bounteous heaven best knows
When to reclaim the blessings it bestows.

CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

ON WILLIAM KEELING,

Who died in the year 1619, having been Groom of the Chamber to James the First, and General for the Honourable East India Adventurers.

FORTIE and two years in this vessel fraile,
On the rough seas of life did *Keeling* sail.
A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,
A courtier gracious, yet, alas, not old
Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise,
Few winne in twice so manie years or daies.
For what the world admir'd he deem'd but drosse,
For Christ; without Christ all his gains but losse;
For him and his dear love, with merrie cheere,
To the Holy Land his last course he did steere,
Faith serv'd for sails; the *Sacred Word* for card;
Hope was his anchor; *Glory* his reward;
And thus with gales of grace by happy venter,
Through Straits of Death, Heaven's Harbour he
did enter.

ON MR. CARTER,

Who was burnt by the great powder mischance in Finsbury.

HERE lies an honest *Carter* (yet no clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the crown,
Vanish'd from hence, even in a cloud of smoke,
A blown-up citizen, and yet not broke.

ON TALLIS, THE MUSICIAN,

Who died in the year 1585.

He serv'd long time in chappel with grete prayse,
Power sovereygnes reygnes, (a thing not often seen)
I mean Kyng Henrie, and Prynce Edward's daies,
Quene Marie, and Elizabeth our Quene.

TOTTENHAM CHURCH-YARD.

ON MR. EDWARD EVERARD.

You was to good to live on earth with me,
And I not good enough to die with thee :
Farewel, dear husband ; God would have it so :
You'l *neer* return, but I to you must go.

ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

By Goldsmith.

HERE Reynolds is laid ; and, to tell you my mind,
He has left not a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.
Still born to improve us in every part ;
His pencil, our faces ; his manners, our heart ;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of
hearing ;
When they talk'd of their RAPHAELS, CORREGGIOS,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

* Sir Joshua was so deaf, as to be obliged to use an ear-trumpet in company.

ON A PHYSICIAN,

*Who died in the North of England a few years ago,
and, agreeably to an injunction imposed on his
friends, was buried at midnight in the centre of a
wood.*

BENEATH the covert of this spreading shade
A master of the healing art is laid ;
Whose death was notic'd by no passing bell,
No dirge was chaunted o'er his earthly cell ;
No train was hir'd, in fun'ral pomp, to shew
A mimic scene of artificial woe.

O may the bigot's gloomy censure spare
His lonely grave, unhallow'd with a pray'r !
And learn, that Virtue, wheresoever found,
In woods—in churches—consecrates the ground.

KING'S-TEIGNTON, DEVON.

ON THE REV. RICHARD ADLAM,

Who died Feb. 10, 1670.

*Dam'd Tyrant ! can't prophaner blood suffice ?
Must priests that offer—be the sacrifice ?
Go tell the genii that in Hades lye
Thy triumphs o'er this sacred Calvary ;
Till some just Nemesis avenge our cause,
And force this kill-priest to reverse good laws.*

This apostrophe to Death is far better adapted for
an inscription on the cenotaph of a Heathen temple,
than on the tomb of a Christian minister.

IN THE GRAND DUKE'S MUSEUM,

FLORENCE,

Are two curious Latin inscriptions, which have been thus translated.

*Philæti*us, the son-in-law, and *Duseris*, the step-mother, ~~who~~, while living, (you'll scarce believe it) were unanimous, now they are dead, rest lovingly together in this urn.

THE OTHER.

The ashes of *Philonicus*, the son-in-law, and of *Dyscheria*, the step-mother, retaining still their old hatred, refuse to be mix'd together.

ON SIR HORATIO PALAVICINI,

Who was collector of the Pope's taxes in England in the reign of QUEEN MARY, on whose death, and the subsequent change of religion, he detained the money, and settled in CAMBRIDGESHIRE, where he died.

HERE lyes HORATIO PALAVICINI,
Who robb'd the Pope to lend the Queene.
He was a thiefe—a thiefe! thou lyeest:
For what? he robb'd but Antichrist.
Him Death wyth besome swept from Bab'ram,
Into the bosom of ould Abraham;
But then came Hercules with his club,
And struck him down to Belzebub.

** This place appears to have been the seat of the Palavicini family in the year 1576.*

LEWISHAM, KENT.

ON THOMAS DERMODY,

THE POET, AGED 27.

No titled birth had he to boast :
 Son of the desert ; Fortune's child ;
 Yet, not by frowning Fortune cross'd :
 The Muses on his cradle smil'd.
 He joy'd to con the fabling page
 Of prowess'd chiefs, and deeds sublime ;
 And e'en essay'd, in infant age,
 Fond task ! to weave the wizard rhyme.
 And though fell passion sway'd his soul,
 By Prudence seldom ever won,
 Beyond the bounds of her control
 He was dear Fancy's favour'd son.
 Now a cold tenant does he lie
 Of this dark cell, all hush'd his song :
 While Friendship bends with streaming eye,
 As by his grave she winds along ;
 On his cold clay lets fall a holy tear,
 And cries, ' Though mute, there is a poet here

The unfortunate subject of this epitaph was born at Ennis, in the county of Clare, in 1775. The natural restlessness of his disposition having been increased by the poverty of his father, he, without communicating his intention to any, fled from home before he had attained his tenth year, and reached Dublin, nearly famished, without money, without friend, or even acquaintance there, to assist him, and with clothing scarcely sufficient to cover his limbs. A train of interesting events here led him to the p

of the Countess of Moira, and other gentlemen, who admired his early genius, and who, the irregularities of his conduct, of which and low company, even at these early years, leading propensities, would have directed us to a line of respectability, ease, and com-

monitions of those friends, by whose liberality was supported, were constantly bestowed, in, so that by degrees, losing their protection, reduced to every misery that life can endure, poverty, beggary, prisons, and the loss of health, these sufferings, dreadful as they were, insufficient to awaken him from his dreadful dream; accordingly, we find, that no sooner was he rescued from these situations by friends, to whom he faithfully promise reformation, but he instantly in the very same debauchery, which at length led to his miserable existence in the twenty-year of his age.

Cast of his mind he strongly resembled the late Chatterton, and in his propensities the late Savage, though in the early perfection of and in the correctness of his classical imitations he not only excelled these, but every juvenile rival. In the first fourteen years of his life he not only acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages, but also a very general taste for poetry, and a talent for composition, both poetry and prose, which challenges competition among those of his age; and a more laboured education. His poetry, the beauty of his imagery, and the delicacy of his expression, are every where conspicuous;

and his prose, particularly his criticisms, shew a common vigour of thought as well as power of language. How strongly were his talents contrasted with his habits of life. His associates were of the very lowest description ; men, women, and children, if they would partake of liquor, at his expense were welcome in any number. Surrounded by riotous companions, in prisons, in garrets, in cells, on board tenders, always under the influence, and greatly overpowered by liquor, these were his subjects of composition, and such the influence under which The Retrospect, and many other beautiful poems were produced !!

LLANRHAIDER CHURCH, NEAR DENBIGH.

ON A WELCH GENTLEMAN.

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
 JOHN AP ROBERT, AP PORTH, AP
 DAVID, AP GRIFFITH, AP DAVID
 VAUGHAN, AP BLETHYN, AP
 GRIFFITH, AP MEREDITH,
 AP JERWORTH, AP LLEWELLYN,
 AP JEROM, AP HELLIN, AP
 COWRYD, AP CADVAN, AP
 ALAWGWA, AP CADELL, THE
 KING OF POWYS, WHO
 DEPARTED THIS LIFE, THE
 XX DAY OF MARCH, IN THE
 YEAR OF OUR LORD GOD
 1642, AND OF
 HIS AGE XCV.

HINCKLEY.

ON WILLIAM BURTON, COMEDIAN,

Who died May 2, 1774, aged 42 years.

SILENCE how dread, and darkness how profound!

'Tis as the general pulse of life stood still,

And Nature made a pause! an awful pause!

Prophetic of her end!

IN THE CHAPEL OF CAIUS COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE,

*Is this quaint but expressive line to the memory of
DR. CAIUS, physician to QUEEN MARY, and who
made many liberal donations to the College.*

I was CAIUS. Virtue our death survives.

ON ROBERT FERGUSON,

THE SCOTTISH POET.

By Robert Burns.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay!

No storied urn, nor animated bust!

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

Said to be written by Soame Jenyns.

HERE lies poor JOHNSON ; reader, have a care
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping BEAST
Religious, moral, gen'rous, and humane
He was—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain :
Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute ;
A scholar and a christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
BOSWELL and THRALE, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and
and spit.

ON THE SAME.

HERE peaceable at last
Are deposited the remains of
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
The Poet,
The Critic,
The Periodical Essayist,
The Novellist,
The Politico polemic,
The Lexicographer,
Topographer,
Biographer.
The Public Taste,
Patron of every novelty,
Cherish'd his writings for awhile,
As most extraordinary specimens
Of pedantic verbosity ;

Even the matchless insipidity of Rasselas
Was tolerated.

His political and poetical talents
Differ'd widely from each other :

A bigoted education

Had taught him to maintain

Long-exploded absurdities

In maxims of government ;

His own failures in poetry

Made him a perfect leveller

Throughout the regions of the Muses.

Incompetent critic from habitude ;

Credulous retailer of calumnies ;

Illiberal in his censures ;

Cynical in his expressions ;

He acquir'd the literary title of

Snarler General.

To the manes of the poets,

Whom JOHNSON slander'd in their graves,

Be this an expiatory offering.

ANOTHER.

MOULDERING beneath this monument

Rest the regretted reliques

Of that splendid luminary in the world of

Literature,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Like a towering oak,

That had long braved, unshaken,

The wintry blasts of time,

He, at last, fell a victim to their desolating power.

Nature's best gifts,

Taste, genius, and imagination,
 Enriched his mind ;
 And his thoughts flowed, uncorrupted,
 From the fountain of originality,
 Animated with enthusiasm,
 And embellished with dignity of expression.
 Zealous was he in the cause of virtue !
 Unrivalled in the art of criticism !
 Lov'd by every hallowed Muse !
 And swayed by the dictates of
 Gratitude and Humanity !
 Yet serpent Envy, with an implous hand,
 Hurl'd against his bosom her envenom'd darts,
 Which swift recoiled,
 Unequal to the destined task.
 When Time shall have annihilated his reliques,
 When this eulogium shall be buried
 In the caves of oblivion,
 His works will still survive,
 Crowned with adoration from a discerning world
 His few foibles
 Served as a foil to his perfections,
 And proved the weakness of human nature.
 Learning,
 Wandering round her favorite's tomb,
 Mourns his fate,
 With a look of unutterable anguish ;
 While the Virtues, entranc'd in sorrow,
 Drop a tear to the memory of their advocate.
 This unpolished eulogy
 Springs from the heart,
 Unting'd with adulation,
 That loves to breathe a tribute of veneration
 At the shrine of departed GENIUS.

ON THE SAME.

As the fond mother, o'er the sable bier
 Of her lov'd son lets fall a lucid tear ;
 So Learning sighs around her Johnson's shrine,
 And Genius mourns, attended by the Nine ;
 E'en great Apollo tunes his muffled lyre
 To strains of woe, and joins the weeping choir !
 Britons attend, and while each throbbing heart
 Feels England's loss, and feeling bears a part ;
 Be it his task to rear her drooping age,
 To millions yet unborn transmit her splendid page.

On a stone in a church-yard in Gloucestershire, the following is said to be inscribed by a MR. KEMP on his wife: after recording her name, age, and time of death.

WHETHER in the other world she'll
 Know her brother JOHN,
 Or scrape acquaintance with
 Her sister SOAME,
 Is not for me to enquire :
 But this I know—
 She once was mine,
 And now,
 To thee, O Lord, I her resign ;
 And am your humble servant,
 ROBT. KEMP.

CIRENCESTER CHURCH-YARD.

DEATH takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

ON FRANCIS CHARTERIS.

By Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot

The body of FRANCIS CHARTERIS;

Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,
Persisted,In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY;
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second:Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating pravity of his manners,
Than successfulIn accumulating WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without trust of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,
He acquired, or, more properly, created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.He was the only person of his time
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
Retain his primæval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a year;
And having deserved the GIBBET for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.

O indignant reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!

PROVIDENCE, at his execrable designs

To give to after ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE

Of how small estimation is **EXORBITANT WEALTH**
 In the sight of God,
 By his bestowing it on the most **UNWORTHY**
 Of **ALL MORTALS**.

This man was infamous for all manner of vices. While he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished BRUSSELS, and drummed out of GHENT, on the same account. After an hundred tricks at the gaming table, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and great premium, and accumulating premium, interest and capital into new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due, in a word, by a constant attendance on the wants, vices, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was the scene of every iniquity. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations.

He died in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

He was said to have died worth seven thousand pounds a year, estates in land, and about one hundred thousand pounds in money.

IN GUILFORD CHURCH-YARD.

READER, pass on, ne'er waste your time
 On bad biography and bitter rhyme,
 For what I am this cumb'rous clay insures,
 And what I *was*, is no affair of yours.

ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

In Memory of

WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE,

Whitesmith, of this parish, who died 15th May, 1757.

*My sledge and hammers lie reclin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is lay'd.
My coal is spent, my fuel's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done ;
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul smoke-like's ascending to be blest.*

DONCASTER, YORKSHIRE.

**HOWE, HOWE, who is here ?
I ROBIN of Doncastere,
And MARGARET my fere :*
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.**

A. D. 1879.

**QUOTH ROBERTUS BYRKES, who in this world di
reign**

Threescore yeares and seven, but lived not aue.

* An old term for wife

Man, at Coleshill, Warwickshire, was remarkable for having a very large Mouth, and the following is said to be engraven on his tomb stone.

✓ HERE lies a man, as God shall me save,
Whose mouth was wide as is his grave :
Reader, tread lightly o'er his clod,
For if he gapes, you're gone by G-d.

MARKET DOWNHAM, NORFOLK.

O *Death*, thou art unkind,
To make us all afraid,
By taking away of RACHEL COBB,
That young and virtuous maid.
Her age about fifteen,
I think that was th' outside ;
She's gone to rest, and there is blest,
I think can't be deny'd.

TONGE, SHROPSHIRE.

ON LUCY HARE,

Who departed this life 1783, aged 19.

IN solemn silence, sweet repose,
Virtue and youth these stones enclose.
The sacred path of truth she trod ;
Death snatch'd her home to meet her God,
Eternal joys thro' CHRIST to share,
Prepar'd for all, a LUCY HARE.

BERKLEY CHURCH-YARD,

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HREE lies the EARL OF SUFFOLK's fool,
 Men call'd him DICKY PEARCE;
 His folly serv'd to make men laugh,
 When wit and mirth were scarce.
 Poor DICK, alas! is dead and gone,
 What signifies to cry?
 Dickys enough are still behind
 To laugh at by and by.
 Buried June 18th, 1728, aged 63.

ALL SAINTS, HASTINGS, SUSSEX.

ON THOMAS NOAKES,

*A smuggler, who was shot on the sea by an officer of
 the customs, May 22, 1783, aged 24 years.*

MAY it be known, tho' I am clay,
 A base man took my life away;
 But freely him I do forgive,
 And hope in heaven we shall live.

ON A BUTCHER,

WHOSE NAME WAS LAMB.

BENEATH this stone lies LAMB asleep,
 Who dy'd a LAMB, and liv'd a SHEEP:
 Many a LAMB and SHEEP he slaughter'd,
 But BUTCHER DEATH the scene has alter'd.

ON THE WIFE OF

EDWARD GREENWOOD, D. D.

From a church-yard in Devonshire.

O Death, O Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest GREENWOOD in all the town;
Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge;
Yet such was her condescension and humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity,
For which heroic act she stands confess'd
Above all women, the PHOENIX of her sex;
And like that bird, one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.
My grief for her, alas! is so sore,
I can only write two lines more;
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never lay a blister on a lying-in woman's back.

*The following is reported to be in the church-yard at
Midhurst, Sussex.*

ON AN INCORRIGIBLE SHREW.

BENEATH this stone
Lies my wife JOAN,
To H—LL she's gone, no doubt;
For if she be not,
If HEAV'N's her lot,
I must (God wot) turn out.

CONWAY, CAERNARVONSHIRE.

HERE lyeth the body
 Of NICHOLAS HOOKES, of *Conway*, gentleman,
 Who was the one and fortieth child of his father,
 WILLIAM HOOKES, Esq. by ALICE his wife;
 And the father of twenty-seven children.
 He died the 20th of March, 1637.
 This inscription was revived in 1720, at the
 Charge of JOHN HOOKES, Esq.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH-YARD,

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

*To the memory of an old man, who sold SHRIMPS
 in that town.*

PAUSE, Traveller—whoe'er thou art, tread soft
 Upon the turf that hides poor WILLIAM CROFT.
 Alas! that long continued voice no more
 The latent sound of music shall explore.
 "SHRIMP it away"—the tenor of his song,
 As thro' the lane or street he mov'd along;
 Till, hapless day (the truth of which attest,)
 Death made a feast, invited many a guest:
 At which OLD WILL a wicker basket bore,
 Replete with *Shrimps*, a valuable store;
 Death took the fish and ate them with some rusks,
 And stopp'd poor WILLIAM's windpipe with the
 husks.

ABERCONWAY CHURCH-YARD.

MANY an holy text around she shews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

T. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST, LONDON:

ALEXANDER LAYTON,

Master of Defence, 1672.

usts like light'ning flew ; but skillful Death
'em all, and put him out of breath.

*hill Park, a seat belonging to the EARL OF
Ossory, is a stone cenotaph, with the fol-
lowing inscription to the memory of CATHERINE,
WIFE TO HENRY VIII. who resided here after her
death.*

of yore, here AMPHILL'S towers were seen,
A safe refuge of an injur'd QUEEN;
We'd her pure but unavailing tears,
And could zeal sustain'd her sinking years;
From hence her radiant banners wav'd,
And aveng'd a realm of priests enslav'd;
CATHERINE'S wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
HER'S light from HARRY'S lawless bed.

G. BENNET, PAUL'S WHARF.

Is one MORE, and no MORE than he,
Is one MORE, and no MORE! how can that be?
Is one MORE and no MORE may well lie here
one,
Is one MORE, and that's MORE than one.
I. F

ON TWO POETS,

BURIED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

BENEATH one tomb here sleep two faithful friends
 Constant thro' life, united in their ends ;
 Their studies, their amusements were the same,
 Alike their genius, and alike their fame ;
 By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd,
 Still they in common ev'ry thing possess'd,
 One heart, one mind, one purse, tho' small
 riches,
 One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

BUTLER, the celebrated author of *Hudibras* buried in this church. Some of the inhabitants understanding that so famous a man was there buried and regretting that neither stone nor inscription recorded the event, raised a subscription for the purpose of erecting something to his memory. Accordingly, an elegant tablet has been put up in portico of the church, bearing a medallion of great man, which was taken from his monument at *Westminster Abbey*.

The following lines were contributed by O'BRIEN, and are engraved beneath the medallion

A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown
 O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone
 Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
 Victim of zeal ! the matchless HUDIBRAS,

What, tho' fair freedom suffer'd in his page,
 Reader, forgive the author—for the age.
 How few, alas ! disdain to cringe and cant,
 When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.

But oh ! let all be taught, from BUTLER's fate,
 Who hope to make their fortunes by the great ;
 That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
 And little faith is due to courts or kings.

*The erection of the above monument was the occasion
 of this very good epigram by Mr. S. Wesley.*

WHILST Butler (needy wretch) was yet alive,
 No gen'rous patron would a dinner give ;
 See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust !
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
 He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

It is worth remarking, that the poet was starving,
 While his Prince, Charles II. always carried a Hudibras
 in his pocket.

*The inscription on his monument in the Abbey is as
 follows :*

Sacred to the Memory of
 SAMUEL BUTLER,

Who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire,
 1612, and died at London 1680 ; a man of uncommon
 learning, wit, and probity : as admirable for
 the product of his genius, as unhappy in the rewards

of them. His satire, exposing the hypocrisy and wickedness of the rebels, is such an inimitable piece, that as he was the first, he may be said to be the last writer in his peculiar manner. That he, who, when living, wanted almost every thing, might not, after death, any longer want so much as a tomb, **JEAN BARBER**, citizen of London, erected this monument 1721.

EPITAPHIUM CHEMICUM.

HERE lyeth to DIGEST, MACERATE and AMALGAMATE
with CLAY

IN BALNEO ARENÆ

STRATUM SUPER STRATUM,

The RESIDUUM, TERRA DAMNATA and CAPUT
MORTUUM

Of B. G. CHEMIST.

A man who, in his earthly LABORATORY,
Pursued various PROCESSES to OBTAIN

ARCANUM VITÆ, or

The secret to live;

Also AURUM VITÆ, or

The art of GETTING, not of MAKING, GOLD.

ALCHEMIST like, he saw

All his LABOUR and PROJECTION,

AS MERCURY IN THE FIRE, EVAPORATED IN
FUMO.

When he DISSOLVED to his FIRST PRINCIPLES,

He DEPARTED AS POOR

As the LAST DROPS of AN ALEMBIC.

Tho' fond of novelty, he carefully avoided

The FERMENTATION, EFFERVESCENCE, and
 DECREPITATION of this life.
 Full seventy years his EXALTED ESSENCE
 Was HERMETICALLY SEALED in its TERRENE

MATRASS :

But the RADICAL MOISTURE being EXHAUSTED,
 The ELIXIR VITÆ spent,
 And EXSICCATED TO A CUTICLE,
 He could not SUSPEND LONGER in his VEHICLE,
 But PRECIPITATED GRADATIM

PER CAMPANAM

To his ORIGINAL DUST.

May the light above, more RESPLENDENT than
 BOLOGNIAN PHOSPHORUS,
 Preserve him from

The ATHANOR, EMPYREUMA, and REVERBERATORY
 FURNACE

Of the other world,

DEPURATE him from the FÆCES AND SCORIÆ
 Of this,

Highly RECTIFY AND VOLATILIZE

His ETHEREAL SPIRIT,
 Bring it safely over the HELM of human life,
 Place it in a PROPER RECIPIENT,

Or CHRISTALLINE ORE,
 Among the ELECT of the FLOWERS OF BENJAMIN,
 Never to be SATURATED till
 The general RESUSCITATION,
 DEFLAGRATION, CALCINATION, and

SUBLIMATION
 Of all things.

D IS

IPLE,

oided

OCKHAM CHURCH-YARD, SURRY.

ON JOHN SPONG,

A jobbing carpenter of that parish, who died November 17, 1736.

Who many a sturdy oak has laid along,
 Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong
 Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could go
 And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit :
 Old saws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
 And styles corrected, yet was no grammarian
 Long liv'd he OCKHAM's premier architect :
 And lasting as his fame a tomb t' erect,
 In vain we seek an artist such as he,
 Whose pales and gutes were for eternity.
 So here he rests from all life's toils and follies
 O! spare, kind heav'n, his fellow lab'rer Ho

HEYDON, YORKSHIRE.

HERE lyeth the body of
 WILLIAM STRUTTON, of Padington,
 Buried the 18th of May, 1734,
 Aged 97.

Who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight child
 And by a second seventeen ;
 Own father to forty-five
 Grand father to eighty-six,
 Great-grand-father to ninety-seven,
 And great-great-grand-father to twenty-three
 In all two hundred and fifty-one.

SAID TO BE ON A TOMB-STONE
AT ARLINGTON, NEAR PARIS.

HERE lie
grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,
husbands with their two wives,
fathers with their two daughters,
mothers with their two sons,
maidens with their two mothers,
sisters with their two brothers,
but six corps in all lie buried here,
born legitimate, and from incest clear.

EXPLANATION.

Two widows that were sisters-in-law, had each a son who married each others mother, and by them each a daughter.

Suppose one widow's name Mary, and her son's name John, and the other widow's name Sarah, and her son's James, this answers the fourth line.

Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a daughter also, these marriages answer the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth lines of the epitaph.

GREAT CORNARD, SUFFOLK,

HERE lies the body of JOE SEWELL,
Who to his wife was very cruel;
And likewise to his brother Tom,
As any man in Christendom.
This is all I'll say of JOE,
There he lies, and let him go.

ST. KATHERINE CREE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

ON FRANCES CROKE,

*The loving and beloved wife of PAULUS AMBROS
CROKE, of the Inner Temple, Esq. who died
10th day of July, 1605, aged 22 years.*

WELL born she was, but better born againe :
Her first birth to the flesh did make her debtor
The latter in the spirit (by CHRIST) hath set her
Freed from fleshe's debts, death's first and li
gaine ;
Wives pay no debts, whose husbands live and rei

BELTHAMP ST. PAUL'S, ESSEX.

To the memory of

MRS. NEWMAN,

*Wife of MATTHEW NEWMAN, of this parish, who
February the 20th, 1788, aged 38.*

BENEATH reposes all that heav'n could lend,
The best of wives, the mother, and the friend
In sickness patient, and to death resign'd,
She left the world a pattern to mankind.

Go then, bless'd soul, partake the joys of heav'n
A just reward for joys thyself hast given.
Tho' man's fond eye resigns thee with a tear,
The eye of faith shall view thee happy there.

HAMPTON RIDWARE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

Underneath lies the body of

THOMAS ALLESTREE, M.A.

Late rector of this parish, and prebendary of Litchfield, who was a minister of the church of England 54 years. He composed 500 sermons, and preached above 5000 times. He died the 30th day of June, 1715, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

ST. ANN'S, SOHO.

NEAR this place is interred
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
Who died in this parish December 11th, 1756,
Immediately after leaving
The KING'S BENCH prison,
By the benefit of the act of insolvency :
In consequence of which
He registered his kingdom of *Corsica*
For the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings ;
But THEODORE this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

HERE lies WILLIAM HISLAND,
 A veteran if ever soldier was,
 Who merited well a pension,
 If long service be a merit ;
 Having served upwards of the days of ma-
 Antient, but not superannuated :
 Engaged in a series of wars,
 Civil as well as foreign,
 Yet not maimed or worn out by either.
 His complexion was fresh and florid,
 His health hail and hearty,
 His memory exact and ready.
 In stature
 He exceeded the military size ;
 In strength
 He surpassed the prime of youth !
 And,
 What rendered his age still more patriarch
 When above an hundred years old,
 He took unto him a wife.
 Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect
 That there is a spiritual warfare
 As well as a warfare temporal.
 Born the 1st August, 1620, died the 16th Feb
 1732, aged 112.

 ON GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVE

By Captain Thomson.

A second ALEXANDER here lies dead,
 And not less fam'd—at taking off a head

BOLTON, YORKSHIRE.

BLUSH not, marble,
 To rescue from oblivion
 The memory of
 HENRY JENKINS;
 A person obscure by birth,
 But of a life truly memorable :
 For
 He was enriched with the goods of nature,
 If not of fortune ;
 And happy in the duration,
 If not variety of enjoyments
 And
 Tho' the partial world
 Despised and disregarded his
 Low and humble state,
 The equal eye of Providence
 Beheld and blessed it
 With a patriarch's health and length of days !
 To teach mistaken man,
 " These blessings are entail'd on temperance,"
 " A life of labour, and a mind at ease."
 He lived to the amazing age of
 One hundred and sixty-nine,
 Was interred December 6th, 1670,
 And had this justice done to his memory 1743.

As JENKINS was born before parish registers
 were kept in churches, his age could only be known
 from circumstances. When a witness on a trial at
 York, being asked by one of the judges, what parti-
 cular battle or other event happened within his me-
 mory ? he answered, that when the battle of Flodden

was fought, he was turned of twelve years of age, and saw the Earl of Surry march northward at the head of his army. That the earl rested with the army one day at Northallerton, and an order was sent from him to all the neighbouring parishes to furnish each a certain number of bows and arrows; and that being in harvest, the arrows were sent on horseback, attended by some of the boys, all the men being employed in reaping. That he was sent to take care of the horses belonging to Bolton, and saw the arrows delivered at Northallerton; after which he brought home the horses, and in a few days heard that the Scots were defeated and their king slain.

Nothing can more clearly prove the age of this man than the above account; for James IV. entered England on the 24th of August 1513, and the Earl of Surry began his march from York on the first of September. He reviewed his army at Boroughbridge, and halted next day at Northallerton, from whence he marched north, and the battle was fought on the ninth of September, 1513; so that if JENKINS was turned of twelve at that time, he must have been born about 1500, and dying in 1670, he was at least one hundred and sixty-nine years of age.

When he was about 160 years of age, being unable to follow his original employment as a fisherman, he used to bind sheaves of corn for the farmers, and retained his sight and hearing to the last.

BY COWLEY.

HERE lies the great; false marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

MR. JOHN BASKERVILLE,

So well known for the elegance and beauty of his printing, died at Birmingham in 1775, and was inurned, according to his desire, in a conical building near his late widow's house, in the said town, with the following epitaph, written by himself, inscribed thereon.

Stranger,
 Beneath this cone, in UNCONSECRATED ground,
 A friend to the liberties of mankind directed
 His body to be inurned.
 May the example contribute to emancipate
 Thy mind
 From the idle fears of SUPERSTITION,
 And the wicked arts of priesthood.

EASTHAMSTEAD, BERKS.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

By Pope, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, "Here lies an honest man;"
 A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate,
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
 Foo to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

SAID-TO BE ON A STONE

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN SUSSEX.

You think, perhaps, I am dead,
But 'tis a mistake :
I am just beginning to live.

BROMLEY, KENT.

ON ELIZABETH MONK,

*Who departed this life the 27th day of August,
1753, aged 101.*

SHE was the widow of JAMES MONK,
Late of this parish, *blacksmith*,
Her second husband,
To whom she had been a wife near fifty years,
By whom she had no children,
And of the issue of her first marriage none lived to
the second.

BUT VIRTUE

Would not suffer her to be childless :
An *infant*, to whom and to whose father and mother
she had been nurse
(Such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity,)
Became dependant on strangers for the necessities
of life.

To him she afforded the protection of a mother.

This parental charity was returned with filial
Affection,

And she was supported in the feebleness of age
By him whom she had cherished in the helplessness
Of infancy.

Let it be remembered;

That there is no situation in which industry will

Not obtain power to be liberal,

Nor any character in which liberality will not

Confer HONOR.

She had been long prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful period, which, however delayed, is universally sure.

How few are allowed an equal time of probation!

How many by their lives appear to presume upon more!

To preserve the memory of this person,

But yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,

This stone was erected by voluntary contributions.

ST. PETER'S, NORWICH.

HERE lies the corpse of LADY ANN,

Blame her who list, and praise who can;

Tho' skill'd in deep astrology,

She could not read her destiny.

In her observe each creature's lot,

And mend thy manners, Master SCOTT.

Sure as thou didst her coffin make,

So death thy doom shall undertake.

December 12th, 1750.

O N O V I D.

By himself.

HERE lies love's faithful slave beneath this stone,

OVID the poet, by his wit undone.

Let ev'ry lover, as he passes by,

Wish that his bones may unmolested lye.

ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE, NORTH ISLE.

ON CHARLES LANGLEY;

*Alle Brewer, who died the 8th of June, An. Do. 1601, and
did bountifully give to the poor of this parish.*

IF LANGLEY'S life you list to know,
Read on and take a view;
Of faith and hope I will not speak,
His works shall shew them true.

Who, whilst he liv'd, with counsel grave
The better sort did guide;
A stay to weak, a staff to poor,
Without backbite or pride.

And when he died, he gave his mite,
All that did him befall,
For ever once a year to cloath
St. GILES his poor withall.

All Saints, he 'pointed for the day,
That God may have his praise,
And others might be won thereby
To follow LANGLEY'S ways.

On vicar and church-wardens then
His trust he hath repos'd,
As they shall answer him one day,
When all shall be disclos'd.

Thus being dead, yet still he lives,
Lives never more to dye,
In heaven's bliss, in world's fame,
And so I trust shall I.

FULHAM, MIDDLESEX.

ON MARY SALT KILL,

Died March 1st, 1755, aged 54.

WEEP not for me, you weep in vain,
Weep for your sins, and then refrain;
Here I lye at rest all in my grave,
'Till CHRIST doth raise me up again.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

ON MR. GABRIEL COX,

Of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

By Anthony Pasquin.

AT TENDER husband, a good father, and sincere friend.
He departed this life 5th of June, 1792, aged 45.

When such are torn from life's tumultuous day,
The worthy feel like relatives distress'd,
For 'mid the conflict of this busy world,
His manners made him lov'd, his virtues blest.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

In memory of

RICHARD MERRYFIELD,

Who died August 28, 1789, aged 57 years.

LET friends forbear to mourn and weep,
While in the dust I sweetly sleep;
This frailsome world I left behind,
A crown of glory for to find.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

ON MR. JOHN EDWIN, COMEDIAN,

Who died October 31, 1790, aged 43.

By Anthony Pasquin.

EACH social meed which honours human kind,
The dust beneath this frail memorial bore;
If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
Subdue thy weakness, and be vain no more.
A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
Ere icy death had smote this child of glee;
And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
When heaven issu'd EDWIN should not be.

ON MRS. ELIZABETH BENNET,

Who deceased
September 15th, 1791,
Aged 77 years.

If humble worth to private life confin'd
A heart which wish'd the good of all mankind,
A feeling sense, a soul prompt to bestow
A dole to poverty, a tear to woe;
If such to contemplation's eye be dear,
Stop, pensive wanderer, and view them here.
Sleep, gentle spirit, peaceful in thy tomb,
'Till wak'd to gladness, in a world to come;
Then, meekly bending at th' eternal throne,
Receive the plaudit for the good thou'st done.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

In memory of
MR. JOHN DUNSTALL.

Who died the last day of the year 1779.

A MAN by nature, open, warm, sincere,
(Whose heart scarce death could cool,) lies buried
here:

Unpolish'd manners, rough as northern wind,
But half conceal'd a gentle generous mind;
Firm in his own distress, at others woe
His manly heart would melt, his tear would flow;
Belov'd from youth to age by old and young,
Tho' servile flattery ne'er disgrac'd his tongue;
Tried and approv'd by a judicious age,
His name shall grace the annals of the stage;
While truth, which most he lov'd, shall boldly tell,
Thro' ev'ry scene of life he acted well;
Go, gentle reader, go, and if you can,
Live like this upright, downright honest man.

ST. ALPHAGE, LONDON WALL.

ON SAMUEL BREWER,

Of the Inner Temple, Gent. who died March 10, 1684.

World, adieu,—Friends, adieu,—Life, adieu!
But hoping for a better after this, only through the
merits and mediation of our blessed Saviour JESUS
CHRIST.

STOKE NEWINGTON, MIDDLESEX.

On the top stone of a handsome monument.

This tomb was erected by WILLIAM PICKET, of the
City of London, Goldsmith, on the melancholy
death of his daughter ELIZABETH.

On the side next the road.

A testimony of respect
From greatly afflicted parents ;
In memory of ELIZABETH PICKET, Spinster,
Who died December 11th, 1781,
Aged 23 years.

Next the church.

This much lamented
Young person expired in consequence
Of her cloaths taking fire
The preceding evening.

On the stone below.

Reader, if ever you should witness such an af-
fecting scene, recollect that the only method to ex-
tinguish the flame is to stifle it by an immediate co-
vering.

Next the field.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft ; so stout, yet so refin'd ;
Heav'n as pure gold, by flaming tortures try'd,
The angel bore them, but the mortal dy'd.

Next the wall.

Not a sparrow falls on the ground
Without our heavenly Father.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

In memory of
SAMUEL HOUSE,

Who departed this life the 23d of April, 1785,
aged 60 years.

He was a lover of liberty, and a real friend to the
natural rights of the people.

This man kept a public house in Wardour-Street, Soho, and was justly considered one of the most extraordinary characters of modern times: he never wore a coat nor a wig, nor was ever found in bed (except when ill) after four o'clock in the morning: though blunt and uneducated in his manners, he was just and honest in all his dealings, and his word upon all occasions was sacred; he frequently called upon the great, and was admitted into their presence, but he never changed either his dress or his character.

His usual dress was what may be called a black doublet or waistcoat, open at the neck, black silk breeches, open at the knees, white silk stockings, slippers, ——— with a bald pate.

STOKE NEWINGTON, MIDDLESEX.

ON LEWIS LEWIN,

Who died 1764, aged 52.

HERE lies within this hollow span,
The relics of an HONEST MAN;
While living lov'd by many, now he's dead,
Upon his grave will many tears be shed.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

ON MRS. MARY ELIZABETH COOPER,

Who died July 31, 1791, aged 58 years.

VIRTUES, like those which once inform'd this clay,
Dread not to fall to sudden death a prey;
The blameless tenor of thy life requir'd
No preparation by set forms inspir'd;
Spar'd from those pangs that load a last adieu,
Freed, happy spirit, thy bright track pursue;
Prepar'd, ere summon'd, for that blest abode,
The bosom of thy Father and thy God.

BUNNEY OR BONEY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

ON SIR THOMAS PARKINS, BART.

Who, some years before his death, had his coffin made and deposited in the church of this parish, where his monument was also erected, and on it placed his statue, in the character of a wrestler, ready to encounter his antagonist.

He applied to several persons for a monumental inscription, allusive to his favourite diversion of wrestling, and at length made choice of one which is in Latin—the English runs thus:

At length he falls, the long—long contest's o'er,
And TIME has thrown whom none e'er threw before;
Yet boast not, TIME, thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again, and conquer thee.

LAMBETH CHURCH-YARD, SURRY.

ON MARY,

*the wife of WILLIAM CUBETT, who died February
2d, 1785, aged 51.*

was,—but words are wanting to say what—
like what a wife should be ;—and she was that.

*following was written by Peter Pinder, on the
the DOCTOR MESSIAH MONSIEUR, of Chelsea Hos-
pital, who died December 25th, 1788, in his 96th
year.*

lie my old limbs, my vexation now ends,
I've liv'd much too long for myself, and my
friends ;

for church-yards and grounds which the parsons
call HOLY,

is a rank piece of priestcraft and founded in folly ;
short, I despise them ; and as for my soul,
which may mount the last day with my bones from
this ~~mon~~ ;

think that it really hath nothing to fear
from the God of mankind, whom I truly revere ;
that the next world may be, little troubles my pate ;
not better than this, I beseech thee, Oh ! FATE,
when the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,
let the old carcase of MONSIEUR be quiet.

For an account of this extraordinary character,
see the European Magazine for 1789, vol. xv. pages
and 190.

SAID TO BE IN
HERTFORD CHURCH-YARD.

WOMAN.

GRIEVE not for me, my dearest dear,
 I am not dead, but sleeping here;
 With patience wait, prepare to die,
 And in a short time you'll come to I.

MAN.

I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
 Sleep on, I've got another wife;
 Therefore I cannot come to thee,
 For I must go to bed to she.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

ON BENJAMIN WILLIAM HINCHLIFF,

Who died August 25, 1790, aged 37.

Drop, saint-ey'd Charity, a sorrowing tear,
 Thy warmest votary lies buried here;
 Weep, the kind heart, the feeling bosom dead,
 Each best affection, and each virtue fled;
 Weep, the pure flame that warm'd his honest mind,
 And burnt with social love for all mankind;
 Ah! now extinguish'd in the silent tomb,
 And all his virtues wither'd in their bloom;
 Reader! he's flown to seek a purer sky,
 Go, live like him, then with his calmness die.

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON EPHRAIM CHAMBERS,

Who died May 15, 1740.

HEARD of by many,
Known to few ;

Who led a life between fame and obscurity ;
Devoted to study ; but as a man,
Who thinks himself bound to all offices of humanity,
Having finished his life and labours together,
Here desires to rest
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.

CLAYBROOK, LEICESTERSHIRE.

ON WILLIAM ANDREWS,

Who died October 10th, aged 73.

HERE lies a man, who liv'd content
With humble means by toil acquir'd ;
Whose eve of life in peace was spent,
Far from the busy world retir'd.

Tho' sickness, pain, and quick decline
Oppress'd, yet oft the smile serene
Would clad his face with ray divine,
And speak the peace he felt within.

Supported by the shield of faith,
Death came at length, a welcome guest ;
Calmly he then resign'd his breath,
In hope of everlasting rest.

FROM, SOMERSETSHIRE.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH, ALIAS THUMB,

*An industrious (not a FREE) Mason, died January,
1742-3, aged 66.*

STRETCH'D underneath this stone is laid
Our neighbour, goodman THUMB;
We trust, altho' full low his head,
He'll rise i' the world to come.

This humble monument will shew
Where lies an honest man;
Ye kings, whose heads are laid as low,
Rise higher if you can.

GLENOXBY, NORTH BRITAIN.

Low she lies in the dust, and here memory fill
me with grief! Silent is the tongue of melody, as
the hand of elegance is now at rest!

No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, n
the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock
the tear shalt thou not wash away from the eye,
the wretched. Where now, O feeble! is thy wont
help?

No more, my fair, shall we meet in the soci
hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board
gone for ever is the sound of mirth! the kind, t
candid, the meek, is now no more! who can e
press our grief?

Flow, ye tears of woe!

ABBEY CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

In memory of

ANN FOWLER,

Who died May 9th, 1645, of her age 48.

Two virtuous hands, one truth expressing tongue,
A furnish'd heart, with piety, faith, and love,
A fruitful womb, whence hopeful males are sprung;
Two lust-free eyes, thought tending far above
The reach of nature, motionless become;
Rest peaceably within this earthly tomb.

In the church at North Church, Herts, is a brass plate fixed up with a sketch of the head of PETER THE WILD BOY, and underneath the following inscription:—

“To the memory of PETER, known by the name of the WILD BOY, having been found wild in the forest of Hertswold, near Hanover, in the year 1725. He then appeared to be about twelve years of age. In the following year he was brought to England by order of the late QUEEN CAROLINE; and the ablest masters were provided for him. But proving incapable of speaking, or of receiving any instruction, a comfortable provision was made for him at a farm house in this parish, where he continued to the end of his inoffensive life. He died on the 22d of February, 1785, supposed to be aged 72.”

’Tis reported that his countenance much resembled that of *Socrates*. He could never be taught to

articulate any words, though he hummed a tune of two very ill. He was very fond of ALE and TOBACCO, and had retained so much of his court breeding as to kiss the hand of the person who gave him money. He was extremely sensible of the change of the weather, and used to howl and be very wretched before rain. He was supposed to have been an idiot purposely put in the way of GEORGE THE FIRST, in the forest where he was discovered.

FROM A CHURCH-YARD IN WILTS.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Who died aged 16.

SEE from the earth the faded lily rise ;
It springs, it blows, it flourishes and dies ;
So this fair flow'r, scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom and early the decay.

BARNWELL, NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

ON AN INN-KEEPER.

MAN'S life is like a WINTER'S DAY,
Some only BREAKFAST and away ;
Others to DINNER stay and are FULL FED,
The oldest man but SIPS and GOES TO BED.
Long is his life who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to PAY ;
DEATH is the WAITER, some few RUN ON TICKET,
And some, alas ! must pay THE BILL TO NICK !
Tho' I ow'd MUCH, I hope LONG TRUST is GIVEN,
And truly mean to PAY ALL DUES in Heaven.

ON TWO YOUNG MEN,

KILLED BY LIGHTNING, AT ROOKHILL, DECEMBER
23, 1790.

By Mr. Hayley.

READER, this stone solicits not thy tear,
Deem not this sudden stroke of heav'n severe;
But justly bear upon thy breast imprest
This awful lesson which the dead suggest:
The rich may need (if stain'd by worldly strife),
Slow death's repentant pangs to purchase healthy
life;
The virtuous poor require no chast'ning rod,
LIGHTNING may waft them to the throne of God.

UPWELL CHURCH, NORFOLK.

ON JANE BELL,

Who died 26th February, 1621, aged 62.

Hear lyeth buried, of whom may be said,
For parentage equal with most in this land,
Nor wives, maydes, or widows more heartily pray'd,
Than she in her closet, whose liberal hand
Was ever relieving the poor in their neede,
For they and diseased of her did well speade.

Her name was JANE CALTROFF as being a mayde,
Her mother a Rookwood, of antient descent,
She married a BELL, and never delay'd,
By doots and good usage to give him content.
Children she had eleven, whereof daughters four,
Of whom remaine seven alive at this hower.

ON A GARDENER.

*Altered from an inscription on a stone in the Churchyard
at Wimbledon, in Pennsylvania.*

For public service grateful nations raise
Proud monuments that urge to deeds of praise;
Whilst private services, in corners thrown;
Tho' much deserving, seldom gain a stone.
But are not *unlike*, which the valleys hide,
Perfect *as* *order*, tho' the mountain's pride;
Then let the *flowers* their fragrance breathe,
And *flowers* their ever verdant branches breathe,
Around his grave, who, from their tender birth,
Upread both *swarms*, and GIANT SONS OF *earth*
For he, *advanced* in years, surviv'd to see
TREES of his raising droop as well as he.
Such were his *care*, while his own bending age
His master PROP'D and SCREEN'D from winter's rag
'Till down he gently fell; then with a tear
He bade his mourning SONS TRANSPLANT him here
But tho' in weakness PLANTED, as his FRUIT
Always bespoke the goodness of his root,
The spirit quick'ning, he in power shall rise,
With leaf unfading under happier skies.

ST. PAUL'S, SHADWELL.

ON ANN GOODWIN,

Ob. February 29, 1679.

No age so young, that death will spare;
All ages they must die;
Therefore to die let all prepare,
To live eternally.

SOUTHREY, NORFOLK.

HERE rests that just and pious JANE
 That ever hated all things vayne;
 Her zeal for God made her desire
 To have dy'd a martyr in the fire;
 Or into thousand pieces small
 Been catt, to honour God with all.
 Her life, right virtuous, modest, sober,
 Ended the 7th day of October, (1638.)
 Her purest soul, 'till the body rise,
 Enjoys heav'n's peace in Paradise;
 Her virtues hid from common sight,
 Enforc'd her husband these to write.

ON MISS ROSE,

*ce to HUGH ROSE, of Kilravock, in Ireland, Esq.
 who died young.*

HERE lies a ROSE, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom;
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flow'r's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd
 This consolation's given;
 She's from a world of wee reliev'd,
 And blooms a ROSE in Heaven.

EXTRACT FROM HOWELL'S LETTERS.

DATED JULY 1, 1684.

He says, "As I passed by St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-Street, I stepped into a *stone-cutter's*, to treat with the master for a stone to be put upon my father's tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I spied a huge marble with a large inscription upon it, which was thus, to the best of my remembrance.

"Here lies JOHN OXENHAM, a goodly young man, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a WHITE BREAST was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

"Here lies also MARY OXENHAM, sister of the above JOHN, who died the next day, and the same apparition was in the room."

Another sister is spoken of then.

"Here lies hard by JAMES OXENHAM, the son of the said JOHN, who died a child in his cradle, a little after, and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards."

At the bottom of the stone :

"Here lies ELIZABETH OXENHAM, the mother of the said JOHN, who died sixteen years since, when such a bird, with a WHITE BREAST, was seen about her bed before her death.

"To all these there were divers witnesses, both SQUIRES AND LADIES, whose names were graven on the stone, which was to be sent to a town hard by Exeter, where this happened."

SAID TO BE IN

TWICKENHAM CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lie I,
Kill'd by a sky
Rocket in my eye.

CLIFTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ON MR. HIPPESLY, THE COMEDIAN.

WHEN the stage heard that death had struck her
John,
Gay Comedy her sables first put on ;
Laughter lamented that her fav'rite dy'd,
And Mirth herself ('tis strange) laid down and cry'd ;
Wit droop'd his head ; e'en Humour seem'd to
mourn,
And solemnly sat pensive o'er his urn.

SARAGOSSA, IN SPAIN.

HERE lies **JOAN DE CABECA**, chorister to our Lord
the King. When he was received into the choir of
angels, in augmentation to that happy company, his
voice was so distinguishable from the rest, that even
God himself harkened to him with attention, and at
last said rather severely to the angels, "Hold your
tongues, ye elves, and let Juan de Cabeca, chorister
to the King of Spain, sing my praise."

Resurgam.

In the church of St. Giles in the Fields, lies interred the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq. A monument was intended to have been erected to his memory by the Corporation of Kingston upon Hull; on which the following inscription was to have been engraven: but the minister of the parish, through a spirit either of bigotry or envy, forbade both from being placed there.

NEAR this place
Lyeth the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.

A man so endued by nature;

So improv'd by education, study, and travel;

So consummated by experience;

That, joining the most peculiar graces of wit and

Learning with a singular penetration and

Strength of judgment, and exercising all these,

In the whole course of his life, with

An unutterable steadiness in the ways of virtue,

He became the ornament and

Example of his age; beloved by good men,

Feared by bad, admired by all,

Tho' imitated, alas! by few,

And scarce paralleled by any:

But a tomb-stone can neither contain his

Character, nor is marble necessary to transmit

It to posterity; it is engraven on the minds

Of this generation, and will be

Always legible in his inimitable writings;

Nevertheless, he having served near

Twenty years successively in parliament, and that
With such wisdom, dexterity, integrity, and courage,

As became a true PATRIOT;

The town of Kingston upon Hull,

From whence he was constantly deputed to the
 Assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss,
 Have erected this monument of their
 Grief and gratitude, 1688.
 He died in the 58th year of his age,
 On the 16th of August, 1678.

This distinguished patriot was born at Kingston upon Hull, in the year 1620, which place he represented in five successive parliaments; he lived in a two pair of stairs room, in an Alley in the Strand, in great poverty, having little more than the wages allowed him by his constituents, which were two shillings a day; but though poor, he here withstood the bribes offered by government to obtain his votes.

NEWPORT PAGNELL, BUCKS,

BY COWPER,

The celebrated Author of the Task, &c.

PAUSE here, and think a monitory rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting time;
 Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
 Seems it to say—"Health has here long to reign."
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
 That beams delight? an heart untaught to sigh?
 Yet fear; youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,
 Anticipates a day it never sees;
 And many a tomb, like HAMILTON'S, aloud
 Exclaims,—*"Prepare thee for an early shroud."*

The following is said to be inscribed on a stone, in the centre of the burying ground at Aberconway, in Wales.

HERE lies, in an HORIZONTAL POSITION,
THE OUTSIDE CASE OF
PETER PENDULUM, WATCHMAKER,
Whose abilities in *that line* were an honour
To his profession ;

Integrity was the MAIN SPRING,
And prudence the REGULATOR,
Of all the actions of his life ;
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His HAND never stopp'd

Till he had reliev'd distress :
So nicely REGULATED were all his MOTIONS,
That he never WENT WRONG :
Except when SET A GOING
By people who did not know

HIS KEY :

Even then he was easily
SET RIGHT again ;

He had the art of disposing his TIME so well,
That his HOURS glided away
In ONE CONTINUAL ROUND
Of pleasure and delight ;

'Till AN UNLUCKY MINUTE put a period
To his existence :

He departed this life WOUND UP,
In hopes of being TAKEN IN HAND
BY HIS MAKER :

And of being thoroughly CLEANED, REPAIRED,
And SET A GOING
In the world to come.

*chancel of the ancient church of East Bergholt
Suffolk, on the two columns of a monument, each
which begins with the initials of the name.*

Edwarde	Lambe
Ever	Lived
Envied	Laudably
Evil	Lord
Endured	Let
Extremities	Like
Even	Life
Earnestly	Learne
Expecting	Ledede
Eternal	Livers
Ease	Lament.

which may be read thus, by the alteration of one
Lodede into he died.

Edwarde Lambe ever lived envied, laudably evil
Lord : Lord, let extremities like even life learne :
d earnestly expecting eternal ease ; livers, la-

remities may either mean youth and age, and
life, middle age, or the extremes of prosperity
diversity, distinguished from an uniform even
of life : *learn* may be put for *teach*, as was
frequent : *livers*—i. e.—survivors, lament his

ST. DUNSTAN'S, STEPNEY.

HERE lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,
Spittalsfields WEAVER, and that's all.

DALKEITH, EDINBURGSHIRE.

To the memory of

MARGARET SCOTT,

Who died in this town, in the year 1738.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read ;
 The living may get knowledge by the dead.
 Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life ;
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife ;
 Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste ;
 Now wearied of this mortal life I rest.
 Between my cradle and my grave have been
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen ;
 Four times five years the common-wealth I saw,
 Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
 Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
 An end of Stewart's race I saw ; nay more,
 My native country sold for English ore :
 Such desolation in my life have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

This epitaph either contains some notorious falsehood, or the woman was older than is here represented. We are informed she was five times five years a virgin, fifty years a wife, and as many a widow ; by which her age appears to have been 125. If she was born in 1613, and died in 1738, which is the whole time allotted in the epitaph, she could only live in the reigns of James VI. Charles I. Charles II. James II. William III. George I. George II. and Queen Anne, which only make seven Kings and a Queen. But perhaps the epitaph maker, whom we

imagine to have been a pedantic schoolmaster, was either a republican, who might place Oliver Cromwell in the list, or he might be a Jacobite, who reckoned the pretender one.

The epitaph likewise asserts that the commonwealth of England lasted 20 years, that is, from 1640 to 1660. This looks altogether like the blunder of a country pedagogue. The epitaph maker did not consider that no less than five governments took place during that period in Britain, viz. monarchical, or limited, as at present; parliamentary; a council of state, consisting of a junto of the parliament; a commonwealth; and an absolute despotic one under Cromwell.

IN THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE,

SEPT. 24th, 1760.

Saturday last the following lines appeared on a tomb-stone in St. James's Church-yard, Westminster, on a person lately deceased (which having given offence) were erased by order of the bishop.

RETURN'D to earth, within this dirty HOLE,
Lies a lifeless mortal, BODY AND SOUL,
Till Christ his God shall to this world descend,
Eternity to fix, all time to end;
Whose pow'rful word shall raise the gen'ral dead,
First those elect by him, shall rear each head;
With him above eternally to dwell,
And leave the reject eternal here in Hell.

On a Person in the Country, who occasionally performed the business of TAYLOR and BARBER.

In a timber, surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a mowen of beards, and a user of skains;
'Twas the sheers of grim death cut his staytape of
life,
And press'd him away from twist, razors, and wife;
But the pray'r of all people, he sew'd for or shav'd,
Is, that he's with the remnant of those that are sav'd.

ON A STOCKBROKER.

HERE lies
Mr. TIMOTHY SCRIP,
Late of Change Alley, Cornhill,
STOCKBROKER.

During the course of a long life
He was diligent, industrious, and indefatigable,
In the exercise of his PROFESSION.
He died in the 70th year of his age,
And DIED WELL;
Having left behind him a fortune of £.60,000.
It is however much to be regretted, that
STOCKS BEING SHUT, at the time of his death,
He was not able to make a TRANSFER,
Or carry any part of it TO HIS ACCOUNT
In the other world.

It was remarked of him
That he was more solicitous to get the TURN OF THE
DAY to himself,
Than to do a good turn to his neighbour;

And that
 Tho' he frequently made *bargains for time*,
 He did not chuse to RISK any thing for ETERNITY.
 He never gave money to the poor,
 Altho' offered a VERY HIGH PREMIUM,
 Thinking it safer to make TEN PER CENT.
 In the English funds,
 THAN TEN THOUSAND in those of a foreign country.
 For these reasons,
 Tho' he was esteemed A GOOD MAN at JONATHAN'S,
 It is much to be dreaded, that
 At the GENERAL SETTLING DAY
 He will find himself ON THE WRONG SIDE,
 And be forced
 To WADDLE A LAME DUCK out of
 ELYSIUM.

SOLYHULL, WARWICKSHIRE.

For that divers of
 His ancestors, since 1514,
 And that many of
 His nearest relations
 Lie here interred,
 To protect henceforth
 That have long unguarded lain,
 The quiet of their bones,
 Freely beneath in trust are plac'd
 Six guardian figur'd stones.

This debt of honour fitly paid
 By J. HÖLBECH, of
 Whitehall, Esq. 1745.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER-SQUARE.

Near this place lies the body of

The REV. LAWRENCE STERNE, A. M.

Died September 18th, 1768, aged 53.

"*AN ! MOLLITER OSSA QUIESCANT.*"

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
 Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain;
 If mental pow'rs could ever justly claim
 The well known tribute of immortal fame;
 STERNE was the man, who, with gigantic stride,
 Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
 Yet what, though keenest knowledge of mankind
 Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind,
 What did it boot him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
 By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!
 In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
 Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate:

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their Society, yet his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square; they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

ON THE SAME.

By a Lady.

STERNE, rest for ever, and no longer fear
 The critic's censure, or the coxcomb's sneer.

The gate of Envy now is clos'd on thee,
 And Fame her hundred doors shall open free;
 Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
 Where friendly join the satirist and sage;
 O'er YORICK's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
 And British Genius mournful vigils keep;
 Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
 "Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

ON THE SAME.

Yorick, farewell: peace dwell around thy stone;
 Accept this tribute from a friend unknown,
 In human breasts, while pity has a claim,
 Le Fevre's story shall enhance thy fame;
 Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
 And faithful Trim confess the master's hand.
 "One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
 "Oh let me weed this Nettle from thy grave."

ON THE SAME.

SHALL Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
 Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
 And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
 Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with STERNE?

IN A VILLAGE IN SUFFOLK.

LIFE is only pain below,
 When Christ appears, then—up we go.

WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

NEAR this place lies
 CHARLES CLAUDIUS PHILIPS,
 Whose absolute contempt of riches,
 And inimitable performances on the violin,
 Made him the admiration of all who knew him.
 He was born in Wales,
 Made the tour of Europe,
 And, after the experience of both kinds of
 fortune,
 Died in 1732.

Exalted soul! thy various sounds could please
 The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease;
 Could jarring crowds like old AMPHION move
 To beautiful order, and harmonious love;
 Here rest in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
 To join thy Saviour's concert in the skies.

Garrick repeating this epitaph, (which is by a Dr. Wilkes) to Dr. Johnson, the latter shook his head, and said, "I think, Davy, I can make a better." Then stirring about his tea, for a little while, in a state of meditation, he almost extempore produced the following lines—which are so exquisitely beautiful, that Lord Kames, strangely prejudiced as he was against Dr. Johnson, was compelled to allow them very high praise.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty power or helpless love,
 Rest here! distress'd by poverty no more,
 Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.
 Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
 'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

ST. GERMAIN'S CATHEDRAL, ISLE OF MAN.

SAMUEL RUTTER,

Bishop of Sodor and Man, was buried under the uncovered steeple of his own cathedral, with a Latin inscription on a brass plate, which in English is thus :

In this house, which I have borrowed of my brethren the worms, do I lye, Samuel, by divine permission, bishop of this island, in hopes of the resurrection to life : reader, stop, view the lord bishop's palace and smile : he died May 30th, 1662.

GLAMMIS, COUNTY OF FORFAR.

The following is on a stone erected to perpetuate the memory of the famous ANDREW CHALMERS, musician to the noble family of Strathmore; this inscription was copied in 1766, when this second Orpheus was said to be living; and had purchased the epitaph from the parish schoolmaster, at the price of a capacious bowl of punch.

THOUSANDS that play on instruments

With reverence might bow

To such a man, whose violin

Could savages subdue.

His pow'rful and his charming notes

So sweetly did constrain,

That to resist, and not to dance,

Was labour all in vain.

Yea, when he touch'd the tuneful strings,

Such melody ran round

The room, that even the very brutes

Stood list'ning to the sound.

He play'd with such dexterity,
 By all it is confest,
 That in this grave interred is
 Of VIOLERS the best.

*At Boston, in New England, is the following, over the
 grave of the Parents of DR. BENJAMIN FRANK-
 LIN, written by the Dr. their youngest son.*

JOSIAH FRANKLIN,

And

ABIAH his wife,
 Lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock
 Fifty-five years ;

And without an estate, or any gainful employment,

BY CONSTANT LABOUR AND HONEST INDUSTRY,

With God's blessing,

Maintained a large family comfortably,

And brought up thirteen children and seven grand-
 children REPUTABLY.

From this instance, reader,

Be encouraged to diligence in thy calling,

And distrust not Providence.

HE WAS A PIOUS AND A PRUDENT MAN,

SHE A DISCREET AND VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

Their youngest son,

In filial regard to their memory,

Places this stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744.

A. F. born 1667, died 1762.

ON DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

By himself.

THE body of
 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer,
 Like the cover of an old book,
 Its contents worn out,
 Stript of its lettering and gilding,
 Lies here—food for worms :
 Yet, the work shall not be lost,
 For it shall (as he believed) appear once more,
 In a new and beautiful edition,
 Corrected and revised
 By the Author.

removing part of the altar of Woolverhampton Church, in the year 1789, there appeared to be a part of a monument, with the following inscription in very legible characters—the date 1690.

HERE lies the bones
 Of JOSEPH JONES,
 Who eat whilst he was able ;
 But once o'er fed,
 He dropt down dead,
 And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb,
 To meet his doom,
 He rises amidst sinners ;
 Since he must dwell
 In heav'n or hell,
 Take him—*which gives best dinners !*

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

HERE lyeth the body of
MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, D. D.
 Who was grand-child, and one of the
 Three hundred and sixty-seven persons,
 That **MARY**, the wife of **ROBERT HONEYWOOD**,
 Esq.

Did see before she died,
 Lawfully descended from her,
 viz.

Sixteen of her own body, 114 grand-children,
 288 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.

MRS. HONEYWOOD
 Died in the year 1605,
 And in the 78th year of her age.

HALSTEAD, ESSEX.

In memory of

GEORGE AND SUSANNAH CRESSAL.

Then shall the body return to the earth as it was
 and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation
 which keepeth the truth, may enter in.

The dead men shall live, together with my del
 body shall they arise: Awake, and sing, ye that
 dwell in the dust, for the dew is as the dew of herbs
 and the earth shall cast out the dead.

ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

If after ages should desire to know
 The endowments of him that lies below :
 They may be assur'd by a christian's othe,
 That nature and grace, with emulation bothe,
 Did striye which should excel in highest kind,
 Either nature the body, or grace the mind :
 He dy'd a stranger heere, and left remote
 A wife, two daughters, and a valued note ;
 His name was HENRY FALDO, and did beare
 This cote of armes, aged five hundred yeare.
 Æt. 33, Obiit July 10, 1644.

*the choir of York Minster is a figure of HYGEIA
 reclining over an urn, on a tripod, at the bottom
 of which are two dogs : in her left hand a corolla,
 and in her right a staff and stake.*

To the Memory of

JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

He died March 25th, MDCLXXIII. aged 65.

THE o'er the tomb where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
 A HEALTH in emblematic anguish weep ;
 A droops her faded wreath : "No more," she cries,
 Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
 Implore my feeble aid :—it fail'd to save
 My own and nature's guardian from the grave.
 VOL. II.

PANCRAE.

ON MRS. ANN COOPER,

Who died November 25th, 1779, aged 69.

Ah! shade rever'd, this frail memorial take,
 'Tis all, alas! thy sorrowing child can make,
 On this faint stone to mark thy parent worth,
 And claim the spot, that holds thy sainted earth;
 This clay-cold shrine, the corpse enshrouded here,
 This holy hillock, bath'd with many a tear,
 These kindred flow'rs, that o'er thy bosom grow,
 Fed by the precious dust that lies below;
 E'en these rude brambles, which embrace thy head,
 And the green sod, that forms thy sacred bed,
 Are richer, dearer, to his filial heart
 Than all the monuments of proudest art.
 Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come
 To join a mother in this decent tomb.
 This only spot of all the world is mine,
 And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall mix with thine.

LEE, KENT.

ON WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq.

The celebrated Comedian, who died February 3d,
1795, aged 59.

HERE Parsons lies, oft on life's busy stage,
 With nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie?
 He science knew, knew manners, knew the age,
 Respected knew to live; lamented die!

PANCHAS, MIDDLESEX.

ON MARY BENNETT;

Who died 10th of February, 1756, aged 23.

Go, spotless honour, and unsullied truth;
 Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;
 Go, female sweetness, join'd with manly sense;
 Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;
 Go, soft humanity, that blest the poor;
 Go, saint-ey'd patience, from affliction's door;
 Go, modesty, that never wore a frown;
 Go, virtue, and receive thy heav'nly crown.
 Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse,
 The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd
 thy hearse.

PANCHAS.

ON MRS. FAGAN;

Born 1737, died 1781, aged 44.

WHATE'ER of mild affection were belov'd,
 Rever'd of virtue, or of sense approv'd;
 Whate'er of candour female bosoms know,
 Once warm'd the gentle heart that rests below,
 Pure as that heart may flow'rs eternal bloom;
 May pensive genius strew them round her tomb;
 And oh! may those by chance or fancy led,
 To pay sad tribute to the hallow'd dead,
 With fond remembrance from this spot retire,
 And strive to copy what they must admire.

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 And inimitable performances on the violin,
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 Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.
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 'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

SHROPSHIRE.

ON A HUMOROUS OLD MAN,

Who obtained considerable property by exchanging pins, needles, &c. for old rags, at farm houses in the neighbourhood.—Supposed to have been written by himself.

HERE lies old RALPH ; he sleeps very safe,
His age it was threescore and ten ;
He never did any good, and swore he never would,
If he had liv'd as long again.

ON SIR JOHN BRIDGEMAN,

Who was president of the council in the marshes of North Wales, and resided at Ludlow Castle, for some very slight offence he committed one RALPH GITTINS, bellman, and epitaph-maker, to the town prison : Sir John soon after died ; and in gratitude for his kindness, Ralph honoured him with the following laconic epitaph.

HERE lies Sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay :
God said to the Devil,—“ Sirrah, take him away.”

AT A SMALL CHURCH

IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HERE lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
We all died within the space of one short year ;
And all be buried at Wimple, in this county,
Except I, and I be buried here.

ON A COBLER.

HERE lies an honest *Cobler*, whom curst fate,
 Seeing ~~was~~ worse and worse, would needs translate;
 'Twas a trusty *good soul*, and time has beene
 Hee would *well liquor'd* go thro' thick and thin;
 Death put a trick upon him, and what was't;
 He calling for his *naule*, death brought him his *last*;
 'Twas not uprightly done to cut *his thread*,
 That *mended* more and more till he was dead;
 But being dead, all that can now be saide,
 Honest THOM COBLER is *underlaide*.

TOWER CHURCH, LONDON.

ON CAPTAIN VALENTINE PYNE,

Late master gunner of England.

Vndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
 As being not willing here to be confin'd,
 Like birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
 Entertain'd death and with it soar'd away;
 Now hé is gone, why should I not relate
 To future ages his valour, fame, and fate:
 Iust, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,
 Nature accomplish'd world's epitome.

Proud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
 Yet virtue was his safe, his surest guide;
 Nor can devouring time his rapid jaws
 E'er eat away those actions he made laws.

ON QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Who died at Richmond the 24th day of March, 1602, in the 70th year of her age, and 45th of her reign, and was buried on the north side of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of April following (attended by sixteen hundred mourners) over whom King James erected a splendid monument, with two inscriptions in Latin. Thus translated by Mr. Speed, in his Chronicle of the Kings of England.

For an eternal memorial,

Unto Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, daughter of King Henry VIII. grandchild to King Henry VII. great grandchild to King Edward IV. The mother of this her country, the nurse of religion and learning, for perfect skill of very many languages, for glorious endowments, as well of mind as body, and for regal virtues beyond her sex.

A prince incomparable,

James, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, inheritor both of her virtues and kingdoms, to her so well deserving, piously hath this erected.

Consorts both in throne and in grave, here rest we two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of our resurrection.

Sacred unto memory,

Religion to its primitive sincerity restored, peace thoroughly settled, coin to the true value refined, rebellion at home extinguished. France near ruin

by intestine mischiefs relieved ; Netherlands supported ; Spain's Armada vanquished ; Ireland with Spaniards expulsion and traitors coercion quieted ; both universities revenues by a law of provision exceedingly augmented ; finally, all England enriched, and XLV. years most prudently governed.

Elizabeth, a Queen, a Conqueress, a Triumpher, the most devoted to piety, the most happy, after LXX. years of her life, quietly by death departed, hath left here (in this most famous collegiate church, which by her was established and refounded) these remains of her mortality, until at Christ's call they again rise immortal.

Intended for a Monument in Scotland.

To the immortal memory of
SIR PETER HALKETT,

Of Pitsirrane, Bart.

And colonel of one of his majesty's regiments of
Foot,

Who was slain in that unfortunate conflict

In America,

In the year 1755,

Unfortunate indeed to England ; and the more so,

As by this gallant commander's death,

It tore from her

One so capable of wiping off her disgrace,

Had he *himself* commanded in chief.

Thus, it is most likely he would have fallen ;

But then we may well believe,

Unless from *that one, circumstance,*

That Britain would never have remembered

The day with sorrow :

After repeated efforts to rally his men,
 He received a shot from the enemy in the head,
 Whilst a second pierced his heart ;
 That loyal and manly heart, always ready to execute
 The greatest action which the head could plan ;
 Was from a bed of sickness, against all the prayers
 And entreaties of his friends and family,
 That he led his regiment to the field where
 He now lies

IN THE BED OF HONOUR.

This is erected by the Right Honourable

The Lady Amelia Halkett,

Not as an addition to his glory,

(Vain were that thought !)

But as a testimony, small as it is,

Of the constant and unfeigned love

She bears to the memory

Of

The best of husbands and of men.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,

With all their country's wishes blest ;

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck the hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod

Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,

By forms unseen their dirge is sung :

Honour shall come, a pilgrim grey,

To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;

And freedom shall awhile repair,

To dwell a weeping hermit there.

DURHAM ABBEY.

HUGH, Bishop of Durham, having finished the chapel called the Galiley, caused a feretory of gold and silver to be made, wherein were deposited the bones of the venerable BEDE, translated and removed from ST. CUTHBERT'S Shrine. In the lower part of the first work some Latin verses were engraven, which are thus Englished:

THIS coffin doth contain the bones of venerable
 Bede,
 Christ to the maker sense did give, and to the
 giver gold;
 One Peter fram'd the work, the cost Bishop Hugh
 paid,
 So Peter and Hugh, patrons both, St. Bede en-
 clos'd in mold.

In the year of our Lord, one thousand three hundred and seventy, Richard, of Barnard Castle, did with eagerness procure, that the bones of St. Bede, lying nigh to St. Cuthbert's shrine, should be translated into the Galiley, there to remain. This Richard deceased, for the love he had for St. Bede, ordered his own bones to be laid near him.

It appears, in the description of the state of the church of Durham, that the bones of St. Bede were first laid in the monastery of Jarrow, and afterwards brought to Durham, and placed in a golden coffin on the right side of the body of St. Cuthbert.

Ediridus, a priest in that time, 1020, did affirm and certainly record, that one coffin contained both the bones of St. Cuthbert, and the bones of St. Bede.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

To the deathless memory of the Reverend Father

MR. WILLIAM COLE,

Doctor of thrice sacred Divinity, &c. &c.

READER, behold the pious pattern here
Of true devotion and of holy fear ;
He sought God's glory, and the church's good,
Idle idol worship firmly he withstood ;
Yet died in peace, whose body here doth lie
In expectation of eternity.
And when the latter trump of heav'n shall blow,
COLE, now rak'd up in ashes, then shall glow.

BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.

ON MIRIAM TAYLOR,

*Daughter of RICHARD and AGNES TAYLOR, who died
June 30th, 1705, aged 17 ; also JOHN TAYLOR,
who was unfortunately killed by a blow with a stick,
on Holy Thursday, 1710, in the 15th year of his
age.*

ALL you that chance this tomb of mine to see,
Pray stop, and read, and warning take by me.
With care observe your parent's sound advice,
Your safety in your just obedience lies.
If you their wise commands once disobey,
Like me, to sudden death you'll fall a prey.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, MILK-STREET.

ON SIR WILLIAM STONE, KNIGHT.

*Free of the Cloth-workers and Turkey Companies,
some time Alderman of London, who died 1699,
aged 63 years.*

As the earth the earth doth cover,
So under this stone lies another,
Sir William Stone ; who long deceas'd
Ere the world's love him releas'd,
So much it lov'd him ; for they say
He answer'd death before his day ;
But 'tis not so, for he was sought
Of one that both him made and bought.
He remain'd the great Lord's treasure,
Who called for him at his pleasure,
And receiv'd him, yet be it said,
Earth was griev'd, that heav'n so soon was paid.

Here likewise lies, inhumed in one bed,
Dame Barbara, the well-beloved wife
Of this remember'd knight, whose soules are fled
From this dimme vale to everlasting life.

ON A LIBERTINE.

HERE lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,
That ever the devil delayed to fetch :
But the reader will grant it was needless he shou'd,
When he saw him a coming as fast as he cou'd.

ST. GILES'S IN THE FIELDS:

HERE lyeth

RICHARD PENDRELL,

Preserver and conductor to his Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second, of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester fight, in the year 1651: he died February 8th, 1671.

TOLD, passenger, here's shrouded in this herse
Unparallel'd Pendrell through the universe;
Like when the eastern star from heav'n gave light
To three lost kings, so he, in such dark night,
To Britain's monarch, toss'd by adverse war,
On earth appear'd a second eastern star;
A pole, a stern in her rebellious main;
A pilot to her royal sovereign.
Now to triumph in heav'n's eternal sphere,
He's hence advanc'd, for his just steerage here;
Whilst Albion's chronicles, with matchless fame,
Enbalm the story of great Pendrell's name.

AT ST. NAZARRO, MILAN,

Is a Latin inscription, thus in English.

HERE lies quiet John James Trivultio, the son of Antonio, who never lay quiet before. Hush!

Trivultio was a Milanese, and having been banished from Milan, he served the French King, and was by him made Governor of that City.

77 GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

ON SAMUEL BRIDGER, GENT.

Who died the 21st of July, 1650.

RECEIVER of this College rents, he paid
His debt to nature, and beneath he's laid,
To rest, until his summons to remove,
At the last audit to the choir above.

ON A SCOLDING WIFE,

Who died in her sleep.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

ON AN OLD HAWKER,

Found dead in the Highway.

JOHN SHERRY lies here, whose fixed abode
Before was no where, for he lived on the road;
And with age grown scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down and died in a sleep.
But some friends, who lov'd him, soon heard his
mishap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his nap.

WOODFORD, ESSEX.

To the memory of

MR. THOMAS SMITH, AND HIS WIFE,

Late of Chigwell, who were both born on the same day, and died on the same day, aged 70 years, 45 of which they lived together.

To those whom death again did wed,
 The grave's a second marriage bed ;
 What, tho' the hand of fate could force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce ;
 It could not sever man and wife,
 'Cause they both lived but one life :
 Peace, good readers, do not weep ;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep ;
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till the stormy night be gone ;
 The eternal morrow dawn,
 And then the curtain will be drawn.

TUNGERMUND, IN GERMANY.

HIGH and mighty Lord George Ernest de Kohl, an ensign in his Prussian Majesty's army, was born August 18th, 1713. He had acquired great abilities for the military service, but the King of Kings called him to an holy review in the passion week, 1728 : so that for three months he was unable to perform his military exercise ; but after three days painful ~~Madness~~ he went well through the exercise of FAITH, HOPE, AND PENITENCE.

ST. MICHAEL'S, CROOKED LANE.

ON SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

HERE under lyeth a man of fame,
 William Walworth call'd by name :
Fishmonger he was in life tyme here,
 And twice Lord Mayor as in books appere;
 Who with courage stout and manly might,
 Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight;
 For which act done and here intent,
 The king made him knight incontinent;
 And gave him arms, as here may see,
 To declare his fact and chivalrie;
 He left this life the year of God,
 Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.

STEPNEY.

HERE Thomas Saffin lies interred : why ?
 Born in New England, did in London die ;
 Was the third son of right, begat upon
 His mother Martha, by his father John :
 Much favour'd by his prince, he 'gan to be,
 But nipt by death at the age of twenty-three ;
 Fatal to him was that we small pox name,
 By which his mother and two brethren came
 Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
 And now have left their father to deplore
 The loss of all his children with his wife,
 Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased June 18, 1687.

SALZWEDEL, IN. PRUSSIA.

VELLER, be not in a hurry, as if thou wert
ying *post-haste*, the *quickest post* requireth
ouldst stop at the post-house.

elyeth the body of Her Matthias Schulzen,
or the space of 25 years, was a dutiful *post*-
of his Prussian Majesty at Salzwedel. He
here in 1655: by means of the holy baptism,
his name enrolled in the *post book* of the holy
Canaan. He then travelled with distinction
h the pilgrimage of life, visiting schools and
ities; he with care and attention fulfilled the
of a christian, and of an honest *post master*;
he *post* of misfortune arrived, and brought
etter of divine comfort, the contents of which
owed for the regulating his conduct; at last
y growing weak, he stood ready for the signal
post arriving from death; his soul *set out on*
ney for heaven the 2d of June, 1711, and his
are deposited in this place.

ler, in thy pilgrimage, ever think on the pro-
post from death. *Jer. xxxviii. ver. 1.*

BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS WIFE.

H, cold stone, suffice, her long lov'd name,
are too weak to pay her virtue's claim;
s, and tombs, and tongues, shall waste away,
w'r's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay;
r mankind a wife more perfect see,
y, O time! shall bury thee.

The following is said to be in a Church-yard, in Oxfordshire, to the memory of an eminent Pye Woman of Oxford.

HERE deep in the dust, lies the mouldy old crust,
Of Nell Batchelor, lately enclosen;
She well knew the arts of pyes, puddings, and tart,
And learnt all the skill of the vocen.

When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much prais'd;
Now here she doth lie, to make a dirt pye,
In hopes that her crust may be rais'd.

ON TWIN SISTERS,

Buried together.

FAIR marble, tell to future days
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from ev'ry eye;
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them both for one.

HACKNEY.

HERE lyeth Jone Only, the only most faithful wyl
of John Only, of Warwickshire, Esquire, to whose
soule the only trinitie be mercifull, amen. She died
in the year 1525.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF THE PARISH OF BOX.

ON MORGAN DAVIS, GENT.

*Who was born in the county of Montgomery, died
April 16th, 1789, aged 63.*

Death scarce has met, in all his mighty round,
A greater man than fills this hallow'd ground;
His pond'rous frame was aptly form'd to bear
The worth and virtues which resided there;
Facetious, friendly, just, humane, and kind,
An ancient Briton's hospitable mind;
His few defects let him alone proclaim,
Who boasts superior bulk or purer fame:
Dost thou presume? mute be thy simple organ,
A greater, better man ne'er breath'd than Morgan.

SAID TO BE AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

ON ROBIN PEMBERTON.

HERE lies Robin, but not Robin Hood;
Here lies Robin that never did good;
Here lies Robin by heav'n forsaken;
Here lies Robin—the Devil may take 'um.

ON MR. JOHN SULLEN.

HERE lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,
He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still;
He still is Sullen: if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

BUNHILL FIELDS.

HERE LIES

DAME MARY PAGE,

Relict of Sir GREGORY PAGE, Bart.

Who departed this life March 4th, 1728,

In the 56th year of her age.

In 67 months she was tapped 66 times;

Had taken away 240 gallons of water,

Without ever repining at her case,

Or ever fearing the operation.

ON DR. SHERIDAN.

BENEATH this marble stone here lies
 POOR TOM, more merry much than wise;
 Who only liv'd for two great ends,
 To spend his cash and lose his friends;
 His darling wife, of him bereft,
 Is only griev'd there's nothing left.

ON MR. THOMAS ALL.

READER, beneath this marble lies
 ALL that was noble, good, and wise;
 ALL that once was form'd on earth,
 ALL that was of mortal birth;
 ALL that liv'd above the ground,
 May within this grave be found:
 If you have lost or great or small,
 Come here and weep, for here lies ALL;
 Then smile at death, enjoy your mirth,
 Since he has took his ALL from earth.

ON MR. MILES.

tombstone is a MILESTONE—Hah! how so?
 use beneath lies MILES—who's MILES below.
 the man he was, a dwarf in size,
 now stretch'd out, at least MILES long he lies;
 grave, tho' small, contains a space so wide,
 as MILES in length, and MILES in breadth and
 MILES in room beside.

ST. MARY HILL, LONDON.

HERE lies a knight, in London born,
 Sir Thomas Blanch by name;
 Of honest birth, of merchant's trade,
 A man of worthy fame.

Religious was his life to God,
 To men his dealings just;
 The poore and hospitals can tell
 That wealth was not his trust.

With gentle heart and spirit mild,
 And nature full of pitie;
 Both sheriff, lord mayor, and alderman,
 He ruled in this citie.

The Good Knight was his common name,
 So call'd of many men:
 He lived long, and died of yeeres
 Twice seven and six times ten.
 Ob. 28 October, 1588.

ON AN OLD WOMAN,

Who kept a Potter's Shop at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies old Katharine Gray,
 Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless CLAY;
 By EARTH and CLAY she got her self,
 But now is turn'd to EARTH herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
 For what avails a flood of tears?
 Who knows but in a run of years,
 In some tall PITCHER, or broad PAN,
 She in her SHOP MAY BE AGAIN?

WREXHAM, DENBIGHSHIRE.

ON ELISHA YALE, ESQ.*

Who died 22d July, 1721.

BORN in America, in Europe bred,
 In Africa travell'd, and in Asia wed,
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd, at London dead.
 Much good; some ill he did; so hope all's even,
 And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heav'n.
 You that survive, and read, take care
 For this most certain exit to prepare;
 For only the actions of the just
 Shall sweet and blossom in the dust.

* This gentleman was remarkable for having introduced auctions into this country; the first of which was about the year 1700, of some goods brought home by him from Fort George, in the East Indies, of which place he had been governor.

WATTO BE INVA NO

WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies old HARE, worn out with care,
 Who, whilom toll'd the bell,
 Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
 And say *Amen* full well.
 For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
 And Hopkins' eke also;
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,
 As far as lungs would go.
 Many a feast for worms he drest,
 Himself then wanting bread;
 But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
 To starve them now he's dead.
 Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,
 Since he is out of breath;
 Cover the bones of him, who once
 Wrought journey-work for death.

FROM A CHURCH-YARD

IN CUMBERLAND.

Written by *DEBORAH*, on her husband *AGUSTINE*
HARRISON, in the fourteenth century.

My husband lyeth dede

Ondyr thys ston:

De the came to be, and seide

Oh! oh! oh!

*Amongst the smaller stones, in Wrexham Church-yard,
are the following :*

HERE lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.
1688.

*By the other we find that the deceased had lived, but
not that he died.*

X HERE lies John Shore,
I say no more,
Who was alive
In sixty-five. October 9th.

FROM THE CHURCH-YARD, SPINNING WHEEL ALLEY,
OLD BETHLEM.

ON MR. LUDOWICK MUGGLETON,*
*Who died Monday, March 24, 1698, in the 80th
year of his age.*

WHILST mausoleums and large inscriptions give
Might, splendor, and past death make potents live,
It is enough to briefly write thy name,
Succeeding times by that will read thy fame.
Thy deeds, thy acts, around the globe resound ;
No foreign soil where Muggleton's not found.

† SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

* He was the great teacher and pillar of a society (from him) called Muggletonians, and bore the character of a mighty prophet among his own people.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

ON JANE PARKER,

September 19th, 1653.

HEARE lyeth a MIDWIFE brought to bed,
 DELIVERESSE DELIVERED ;
 Her body being churched here,
 Her soule gives thankes in yonder sphere.

IN THE COLLATINE WAY, ROME,

Is a Latin inscription, thus in English.

THE GODS MANES OF SEXTUS PERPENNA FIRMUS.

I LIVED as I liked ;
 Bat why I dyed
 I can give no reason.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

HERE lyeth the worthy warriour
 Who never bloddied sword ;
 Here lyeth the noble counsellor,
 Who never held his word ;
 Here lyeth his excellencie,
 Who ruled all the state ;
 Here lyeth the Earl of Leicester,
 Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud Warwick 10 Octobris, 1588.
 Obiit apud Wichwood, Com. Oxon, 4 Septembris.

STEPNEY.

ON MRS. SUSANNA CLACK.

DOUBTLESS for happiness we need not roam,
 'Tis often found with little and at home ;
 That man whom God does with a good wife bless,
 Tho' he has little, does this world possess.

*In the year 1748, Mr. DAWKES, an eminent surgeon at St. Ives, near Huntingdon, published a small tract called *Prodigium Wellinghamense*; or an account of a surprising boy, who was buried at Wellingham, near Cambridge; upon whom he wrote the following epitaph. But whether it was ever engraved upon his tomb stone, I have not learned.— It is in Latin, the English of which is—*

STOP, traveller, and wondering know, that here lie the remains of Thomas, son of Thomas and Margaret Hall. Before he was a year old, he arrived at puberty; and was near four feet high before he was three years old; endowed with great strength, exact symmetry of parts, and a stupendous voice; he had not quite reached his sixth year, when he died as of an advanced age.

Here he was born, and here he gave way to fate, September 3d, 1747.

Mr. Dawkes viewed him, after he was dead, and says the corpse had the aspect of a venerable old man.

STEPNEY.

HERE lyeth the body of she who was SARAH
HARTLAND, died 4th December, 1696, in the 25th
year of her age.

Whose heart, too tender for to bear
From nearest friends such calumnies,
Receiv'd a wound, and so she fell
To death a mournful sacrifice;
But did ascend in peace and joy
To him who did her prayers hear,
And will, as in the noon-day light,
Her spotless innocence declare.

BECKENHAM, KENT,

ON MRS. MARY CLARKE,

Wife of DR. CLARKE, Physician, at Epsom, Surrey,
who died 27th April, 1757.

By Gray.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell;
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there;
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind;
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe;

Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days,
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
 A sigh, an unavailing tear ;
 Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

STEPNEY.

ON MARY,

*Wife of Captain MALACHI SIMONS, Mariner, who
 died 29th June, 1677.*

Rest thou, who's rest gives me a restless life;
 Because I've lost a kind and virtuous wife ;
 I'll visit thee, and when I leave this light,
 Come spend my time in the same cell at night.
 'Till then farewell ! farewell ! I cannot take
 A final leave until thy ashes wake.

*The following inscription is on the urn in which the
 heart of PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq. was deposited,
 and which is placed on a Mausoleum at West Wyke-
 ham, the seat of Lord le Despencer.*

PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
 of Twickenham,
 Obiit December 30,
 1774.

Unhallow'd hands, this urn forbear :
 No gems, nor orient spoil
 Lie here conceal'd—but, what's more rare,
 A heart that knows no guile.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF THE PARISH OF BOX.

ON MORGAN DAVIS, GENT.

*Who was born in the county of Montgomery, died
April 16th, 1789, aged 63.*

Death's bea'ce has met, in all his mighty round,
A greater man than fills this hallow'd ground;
His pond'rous frame was aptly form'd to bear
The worth and virtues which resided there;
Facetious, friendly, just, humane, and kind,
An ancient Briton's hospitable mind;
His few defects let him alone proclaim,
Who boasts superior bulk or purer fame:
Dost thou presume? mute be thy simple organ,
A greater, better man ne'er breath'd than Morgan.

SAID TO BE AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

ON ROBIN PEMBERTON.

Here lies Robin, but not Robin Hood;
Here lies Robin that never did good;
Here lies Robin by heav'n forsaken;
Here lies Robin—the Devil may take'um.

ON MR. JOHN SULLEN.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,
That that was Sullen shall be Sullen still;
Still is Sullen: if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

STEPNEY.

HERE lies the body of CHRISTOPHER HENLEY, late
of Ratcliffe, deceased July 2d, 1693.

C onceal'd from care, beneath this marble lies
H is sacred relicks, which again must rise ;
R emote from human discords, unoppress'd,
I n their cold urn his peaceful ashes rest ;
S natch'd into earth's dark bosom, free from all
T hose troubles which a mortal life befall ;
O pious reader ! know, his living just
P rocures his quiet slumbers in the dust ;
H is virtuous deeds crown his unthinking clay,
E rect a monument without delay,
R aising his soul to everlasting day.

H is wife and children's grief their tears reveal,
E ach find their loss too weighty to conceal ;
N o unjust act through his whole race we find,
L oving he liv'd and just to all mankind ;
E asie he sleeps till heav'n shall raise his dust,
Y ielding his soul t' the mansions of the just.

STEPNEY.

ON MRS. MARY MELLASHIP,

Who died 1721, aged 21.

O CRUEL death, that snatch'd my love away,
And was resolv'd no longer for to stay.
Farewell, my dear, since thou art ever gone,
Therefore for thee I erect this stone ;
And always on purpose to thy memory,
Will still remain thine. W. C.

IN THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD OF
ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS.

INTERRED the corps of Baron Birch lies here,
of Gray's-Inne, sometime by degree esquire ;
at 'chequer eighteen year a judge he was,
ill soule from aged body his did passe,
live his wife Eliza doth remaine,
of Stydfolke stocke ; one sonne, and daughters
twaine,
he bore by him ; the eldest in his life
he gave to Thomas Boyer, for his wife ;
his body sleeps till angels' trump shall sound :
God grant we all may ready then be found.
Joannes Birch, ob. A. D. 1581, Maii 30, Æt. 66.

PANCRAS.

Sacred to the memory of

MISS DOROTHEA DIAS DE FARIA,

*Who was unfortunately drowned in the fifth year of
her age.*

SOFT as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
sweet as the fragrance of the new mown hills ;
her op'ning mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
proofs of those thousands which were yet conceal'd :
the loveliest flow'r in nature's garden plac'd,
permitted just to bloom ; then pluckt in haste ;
angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
and call'd by God's command their sister home.

VOL. II.

L

STEPNEY.

To the pious memory of

SUSAN ELL,

*The Wife of RICHARD ELL, who died 17th May,
1643, aged 36 years.*

To say an ELL lies here, e'en that alone
Were epitaph enough ; no brass, no stone,
No glorious tomb, no monumental hearse,
No gilded trophy, or long-labour'd verse,
Can dignify her grave, or set it forth,
Like the immortal fame of her own worth.
Then, reader, fix not here, but quit this room,
And fly to ABRAHAM'S bosom—there's her tomb;
There rests her soul ; and for her other parts,
They are embalm'd, and lodg'd in good men's hearts,
A braver monument of stone or lime
No art can raise, for this shall outlast time.

STEPNEY.

ON CAPTAIN JOHN DUNCH,

Who died 25th November, 1696, aged 67.

Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have toss'd me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.

Where I do now at anchor ride,
With many of our fleet ;
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.

WATER TO BE IN A NO

WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies old HARE, worn out with care,
 Who whilom toll'd the bell,
 Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
 And say Amen full well.
 For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
 And Hopkins' eke also;
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,
 As far as lungs would go.
 Many a feast for worms he drest,
 Himself then wanting bread;
 But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
 To starve them now he's dead.
 Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,
 Since he is out of breath;
 Cover the bones of him, who once
 Wrought journey-work for death.

FROM A CHURCH-YARD

IN CUMBERLAND.

Written by *DEBORAH*, on her husband *AGGUSTINE*
HARRISON, in the fourteenth century.

My husband lyeth dede

Ondyr thys ston;

De the came to he, and seyde
 Oh! oh! John.

*Amongst the smaller stones, in Wrexham Church-yard,
are the following :*

HERE lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.
1688.

*By the other we find that the deceased had lived, But
not that he died.*

✱ HERE lies John Shore,
I say no more,
Who was alive
In sixty-five. October 9th.

FROM THE CHURCH-YARD, SPINNING WHEEL ALLEY,
OLD BETHLEM.

ON MR. LUDOWICK MUGGLETON,*
*Who died Monday, March 24, 1698, in the 8th
year of his age.*

WHILST mausoleums and large inscriptions give
Might, splendor, and past death make potents live,
It is enough to briefly write thy name,
Succeeding times by that will read thy fame.
Thy deeds, thy acts, around the globe resound;
No foreign soil where Muggleton's not found.

! SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

* He was the great teacher and pillar of a society (from him) called
Muggletonians, and bore the character of a mighty prophet among
his own people.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

ON JANE PARKER,

September 19th, 1653.

HEARE lyeth a MIDWIFE brought to bed,
DELIVERESSE DELIVERED ;
Her body being churched here,
Her soule gives thanks in yonder sphere.

IN THE COLLATINE WAY, ROME,

Is a Latin inscription, thus in English.

○ THE GODS MANES OF SEXTUS PERPENNA FIRMUS.

I LIVED as I liked ;
But why I dyed
I can give no reason.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

HERE lyeth the worthy warriour
Who never bloddied sword ;
Here lyeth the noble counsellor,
Who never held his word ;
Here lyeth his excellencie,
Who ruled all the state ;
Here lyeth the Earl of Leicester,
Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud Warwick 10 Octobris, 1588.
Obiit apud Wichwood, Com. Oxon, 4 Septembris.

STEPNEY.

ON MRS. SUSANNA CLACK.

DOUBTLESS for happiness we need not roam,
 'Tis often found with little and at home ;
 That man whom God does with a good wife bless,
 Tho' he has little, does this world possess.

In the year 1748, MR. DAWKES, an eminent surgeon at St. Ives, near Huntingdon, published a small tract called Prodigium Wellinghamense, or an account of a surprising boy, who was buried at Wellingham, near Cambridge; upon whom he wrote the following epitaph. But whether it was ever engraved upon his tomb stone, I have not learned.— It is in Latin, the English of which is—

Stop, traveller, and wondering know, that here lie the remains of Thomas, son of Thomas and Margaret Hall. Before he was a year old, he arrived at puberty; and was near four feet high before he was three years old; endowed with great strength, exact symmetry of parts, and a stupendous voice; he had not quite reached his sixth year, when he died as of an advanced age.

Here he was born, and here he gave way to fate, September 3d, 1747.

Mr. Dawkes viewed him, after he was dead, and says the corpse had the aspect of a venerable old man.

This sought her Saviour at his tombe,
 His feet with tears bedew'd ;
 That bore our Saviour in her wombe,
 Whereby our joye's renew'd.
 Then, happy soule, thrice happy this,
 Happily interested ;
 In Marie's teares, and Marie's blisse,
 Rest thou for ever blessed.

MARIE PILL obiit 1629.

CHISWICK CHURCH-YARD.

ON DR. ROSE.

'HOE'ER thou art, with silent footsteps tread
 he hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head.
 h! let not folly one kind tear deny,
 ut pensive pause, where truth and honour lie,
 is the gay wit that fond attention drew,
 ft heard, and oft admir'd, yet ever new ;
 he heart that melted at another's grief ;
 he hand in secret that bestow'd relief ;
 ience untinctur'd with the pride of schools,
 nd native goodness free from formal rules.
 With zeal thro' life he toil'd in learning's cause,
 ut more, fair virtue, to promote thy laws.
 his ev'ry action sought the noblest end ;
 he tender husband, father, brother, friend !
 erhaps, e'en now, from yonder realm of day
 o his lov'd relatives he sends a ray ;
 leas'd to behold affections like his own
 With filial duty raise this votive stone !

ON MR. FOOTE.

HERE lies one FOOTE, whose death may thousands
 save,
 For death has now one FOOTE within the grave.

PANGRAS.

ON ELIZABETH CARLETON,

*Daughter of EDWARD CARLETON, who was knight
 harbinger to King James II. died January 19th,
 1709, aged 25.*

HAD heav'n commission'd death to hold his hand,
 And virtue could the force of fate withstand,
 This beauteous virgin had been longer liv'd,
 Nor we so soon of her rich worth depriv'd;
 Her charming youth, her meekness, wit, and sense,
 Her charity, her truth, her innocence.
 But ripe for God, her soul ascending flew,
 And early bid this sinful world adieu.
 Reader, make haste her graces to attain,
 That thou in bliss may'st ever reign.

LAMBETH.

ON MISS SUSANNA WELDON,

Who died July 21, 1781, aged 6 months and 3 days

HAPPY the babe, who, privileg'd by fate,
 To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

STEPNEY.

HERE lyeth the body of she who was SARAH
HARTLAND, died 4th December, 1696, in the 25th
year of her age.

Whose heart, too tender for to bear
From nearest friends such calumnies,
Receiv'd a wound, and so she fell
To death a mournful sacrifice;
But did ascend in peace and joy
To him who did her prayers hear,
And will, as in the noon-day light,
Her spotless innocence declare.

BECKENHAM, KENT,

ON MRS. MARY CLARKE,

Wife of DR. CLARKE, Physician, at Epsom, Surrey,
who died 27th April, 1757.

By Gray.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell;
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there;
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind;
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe;

OVER THE FIGURE OF A SKELETON.

GRASPLESS galant, in all thy lustre and pryde,
 Remember that thou schalte gyve due.
 Death should fro thy body thy sowle devyde,
 Thow mayst not him ascape certaynly.
 To ye dede boidies cast down thyne eye,
 Behold thayme well, considere, and see;
 For such as they ar, such shalt yow be.

1459.

LITCHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

LUCY GROVE,

Eldest daughter of EDWARD SNEYD, Esq.
 And Wife of WILLIAM GROVE, Esq. LL. D.
 Late of Coventry, now of Litchfield Close,
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 And the twentieth of her marriage,
 Leaving two sons and two daughters.

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 To her, whose virtues blest a husband's life,
 When late in duty's sphere she mildly shone
 As friend, as sister, daughter, mother, wife.

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 Insidious palsy near his victim drew,
 From her youthful hands the cup of health,
 Round her limbs his numbing fetters thr

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 to check the rising sigh, the tear, the sigh,
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tried her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart,
 the awful call at length th' Almighty gave:
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 brated bookseller, on himself; and he requests, in
 the publication of his MEMOIRS, that when he is gone
 to heaven (but he observes he's not in haste about
 it) his friends will have it engraved on his tomb-
 stone.*

Good passenger, one moment stay,
 And contemplate this heap of clay;
 'Tis LACKINGTON that claims a pause,
 Who strove with death, but lost his cause:
 A stranger genius ne'er need be,
 Than many a merry year was he.
 Some faults he had, some virtues too;
 (The devil himself should have his due;)
 And as dame fortune's wheel turn'd round,
 Whether at top or bottom found,
 He never once forgot his station,
 Nor e'er disown'd a poor relation;
 In poverty he found content,
 Riches ne'er made him insolent.
 When poor, he'd rather read than eat;
 When rich, books form'd his highest treat.

STEPNEY.

ON JAMES BAYLY.

J NCLOSED lyes hid as sacred remains
 A s e'er was bound by th' King of Terror's chains.
 Master and chaplain's place he well did bear;
 E ach threat'ning wave, astonish'd with his pray'r,
 S hrunk in his head, when pious James was there.

B ayly on board, the baffled tempest flew
 A s swift as morning sun exhales the dew;
 Y ounder he comes—his joyful men would cry,
 L ower your topsail, see the master's by;
 Y ou'd think when he was there some angel high.

God gave him leave to breathe his last on shore;
 And what was lent him by th' Almighty Pow'r,
 He safely did convey by trusty friend,
 Who strictly did perform the donor's end;
 And spread the bounty of his lib'ral hand
 Amongst his poor relations; which command
 Bought the deceas'd sure title to the promis'd land.
 Born at Landelph, in the county of Cornwall.

STEPNEY.

ON REBECCA BERRY,

*The Wife of THOMAS ELTON, of Stratford le Bow,
 Gent. who departed this life April 26, 1796, aged
 52 years.*

COME, ladies, you that would appear
 Like angels fair, come, dress you here;
 Come, dress you at this marble stone,
 And make that humble grace your own,

Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
 As e'er yet lodg'd in womankind :
 So she was dress'd, whose humble life
 Was free from pride, was free from strife ;
 Free from all envious brawls and jars,
 Of human life the civil wars.
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind ;
 Which still was gentle, still was kind ;
 Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
 Disclos'd the humble soul within.
 Trace her thro' ev'ry scene of life,
 View her as widow, virgin, wife ;
 Still the same humble she appears,
 The same in youth, the same in years ;
 The same in low, in high estate,
 Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
 Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be
 As fair, as great, as good as she,
 Go learn of her humility.

STEPNEY.

ON MR. WILLIAM KNIGHT,

*Minister, born here February, 1570, died November
 22d, 1636.*

Mihi vivere Christus et mori Lucrum.

These labours, rest, ye seas of cares and fears,
 These waves have toss'd me six and forty years ;
 And now go sleep, mine eyes, sleep here, till ye
 Wake shall my Redeemer's glory see ;
 Sleep, till my happy soul rejoyned may
 With recreated body live for aye.

Tandem Portum.

ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS.

UNDER this sad marble sleepes
 Shee for whom e'en marble weepes ;
 Her praise lives still, tho' here she lies,
 Seaming dead, that never dies ;
 Religion, love, in suffering breast,
 Her charity, mildness, and the rest,
 Hath crown'd her soule ; all mourne with fame,
 Her husband's losse, and midwife's blame ;
 Shee died in childbed, seventy times blest and seven,
 Her child and shee deliver'd both in heaven,

MARGARETTA THORNTON, obiit octavo die Januarii,
 A. D. 1611, æt. suæ 16.

Round the Margent.

Full south this stone four foot, doth lye
 His father John, and grandsire Henry,
 Thornton, of Thornton, in Yorkshire bred,
 Where lives the fame of Thornton being dead.

ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS.

FROM Marie's teares, to Marie's joy,
 This Marie is translated ;
 And after three score yeares annoy,
 In heaven shee is instated.
 With this shee chose the better part,
 Never to be repented,
 And held her Saviour in her heart ;
 Thus are her joys augmented.

This sought her Saviour at his tombe,
 His feet with tears bedew'd ;
 That bore our Saviour in her wombe,
 Whereby our joye's renew'd.
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 Happily interested ;
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 Oft heard, and oft admir'd, yet ever new ;
 The heart that melted at another's grief ;
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 Science untinctur'd with the pride of schools,
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 With zeal thro' life he toil'd in learning's cause,
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wife of EDWARD LITTLETON, of the Inner Temple,
Esq. who died the 6th of February, 1623, and was
buried in the Temple Church.*

HERE she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name.
The rigid Spartan, that deny'd
An epitaph to all that dy'd,
Unless for war or chastity,
Would here vouchsafe an elegy :
She dy'd a wife, but yet her mind
(Beyond virginity refin'd)
From lawless fire remain'd as free
As now from heat her ashes be ;
Her husband (yet without a sin)
Was not a stranger, but her kin ;
That her chaste love might seem none other
Unto a husband than a brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be call'd for let it rest ;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet.

OVER THE FIGURE OF A TRAVELLER,

IN HUNGERFORD CHAPEL.

ALASSE, death, alasse! a blessing thing you were,
Yf thou wouldst spare us in our lustynesse,
And cum to wretches that be soe of hevy chere,
When they ye clepe to slake there dystresse :
But owte alasse, thyne own sely selfwyldnesse
Crewelly werneth the pyt, seygh, wayle, and wepe,
To close there yen that after ye doth clepe.

OVER THE FIGURE OF A SKELETON.

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 To check the rising sigh, the tear repress,
 Soothe with soft smiles the fears of anxious love,
 And heav'n's correcting hand in silence bless.

Thus tried her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart,
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 And as dame fortune's wheel turn'd round,
 Whether at top or bottom found,
 He never once forgot his station,
 Nor e'er disown'd a poor relation;
 In poverty he found content,
 Riches ne'er made him insolent.
 When poor, he'd rather read than eat;
 When rich, books form'd his highest treat.

His first great wish, to act, with care,
 The sev'ral parts assign'd him here ;
 And as his heart to truth inclin'd,
 He studied hard the truth to find.
 Much pride he had,—'twas love of fame,
 And slighted gold, to get a name ;
 But fame herself prov'd greatest gain,
 For riches follow'd in her train.
 Much had he read, and much had thought,
 And yet, you see, he's come to nought ;
 Or out of print, as he would say,
 To be revis'd some future day ;
 Free from errata, with addition,
 A new and a complete edition.

IN THE ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

In remembrance of

WILLIAM JEPHSON, ESQ.

Serjeant at Law, who died 17th May, 1772, aged
38 years.

To him, who here with kindred ashes lies,
 Fraternal love this tribute due supplies ;
 To him whose years, amidst this vale of strife,
 Fulfill'd the promise of an useful life ;
 Whose studious love, from selfish dross refin'd,
 Still made the law the bulwark of mankind ;
 What tho' no consort weeps or children mourn,
 O'er a lov'd husband's or a father's urn ;
 Yet many a widow, orphan, youth, and maid,
 Whose helpless state confess'd his saving aid ;
 On this cold stone may drop the grateful tear,
 And sighing cry,—behold your guardian here !

ON A CLERGYMAN.

LAMENTED shade, if in the silent grave
 The sound of human voice was ever heard;
 Or if the gates of death fast barr'd not out
 All lovely converse with our friends on earth;
 How loudly would'st thou hear thy loss bewail'd;
 How gently would the notes of well-earn'd praise
 Soothe thy departed spirit, and cheer thy soul
 With the sweet solace that reflection draws
 From a long train of goodly, virtuous deeds,
 That ran in quick succession on: till when
 That awful despot of the human race
 Stopp'd their career, and humbled to the dust
 No trembling sinner, but a fearless mind,
 Arm'd with the shield of conscious rectitude,
 By all lamented, as by all rever'd.
 And while I twine the mournful cypress wreath,
 Wet with thy widow's and thy children's tears,
 Around thy hallow'd bier, with filial care,
 I mingle ~~ivy~~ flow'rs, that, while alive,
 Bloom'd with such classic lustre on thy brow.
 Ye flocks, whose great salvation was his pride
 Hither repair, and o'er your shepherd's tomb
 Shed grateful tears of woe, for, in his death,
 You've lost a sacred minister of truth,
 Who taught you well, and what he taught believ'd.

ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

Hic jacet TOM SHORTHOSE,

Sine tombo, sine sheets, sine riches,
 Qui vixit sine gowue,
 Sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches.

RICHMOND, SURRY.

In the earth, below this tablet,
Are the remains of

JAMES THOMSON,

Author of the beautiful Poems, entitled,
THE SEASONS, CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, &c. &c.
Who died at Richmond, on the 27th day of August,
And was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1743.
THE EARL OF BUCHAN, unwilling that so good
A man

And sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
Has denoted the place of his interment,
For the satisfaction of his admirers,
In the year of our Lord, 1792.

Father of light and life ! thou good supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me **THYSELF** !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

ON THE SAME.

AND dieth *Thomson* as the fool must die,
Whose thoughts all perish with his memory ?
No : Death reveres the scribe's immortal mind ;
His wit, tho' dead, yet lives to all mankind ;
Which hymn'd the *Seasons* with its angel tongue,
And with the morning stars in concert sung.
Here *Liberty* time waits on to the last,
And *Fame* o'er *Genius* blows a fan'ral blast ;

here doleful Tragedy delights to mourn,
 r'n *Indolence* with tears attends this urn!
 he world of sense for worth departed sighs,
 and *Wisdom* weeps, when Understanding dies.

Chichester Church, Sussex, is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of COLLINS the Poet, and the following epitaph engraven thereon, written by Mr. HAYLEY.

Ye, who the merits of the dead revere
 Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear;
 Regard this tomb, where COLLINS' hapless name
 Solicits kindness with a double claim.
 Tho' nature gave him, and tho' science taught
 The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
 Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
 He paus'd in madd'ning pain, life's feverish dream;
 While rays of genius only serv'd to shew
 The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
 Ye walls, that echo'd to his frantic moan,
 Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
 Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
 This fond memorial to his talents raise:
 For this the ashes of a Bard require,
 Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre;
 Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic pow'rs;
 Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
 Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
 And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.*

* Alluding to an expression of his in his last illness, "I have but
 one book, but that is the best."

CANTERBURY CLOISTERS.

ON MASTER HALL.

Tho' infant years no pompous honours claim,
 The vain parade of monumental fame,
 To be their praise; the last great day shall rear
 The spotless innocence that sleepeth here.

ON WILLIAM BILLINGS,

A soldier, who died at Fairfield (the place of his nativity,) near Longnor, in the county of Stafford, at the advanced age of 102, on Friday, January 28, 1791. He was born under a hedge in 1694, not an hundred yards from the cottage where he died, and it is related that he never knew what sickness was, and died without a groan.

CONQUESTS I shar'd in many a dreadful scene,
 With matchless MARLBRO' and with brave EUGENE,
 To peaceful quarters billeted am I,
 And here forgetful of my labours lie.
 Let me alone, awhile asleep, not slain,
 For, when the trumpet sounds, I'll march again.

ST. BENNET, GRACECHURCH-STREET.

Prey for the saulygs of HENRY DONNE, and JOAN
 his wyf, theyr fadyrs, theyr modyr, bredyrs, and
 good frendys, and of al christian saulygs: Jesu, have
 mercy, amen. Who departed this lyf 1491.

ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

ON MR. JAMES QUIN,

THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

By Mr. Garrick.

T TONGUE, which set the table on a roar,
 charm'd the public ear, is heard no more !
 'd are those EYES, the hangers of wit,
 ch spoke, before the tongue, what SHAKESPEAR
 writ ;
 'd are those HANDS, which living were stretch'd
 forth,
 friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
 ere lies JAMES QUIN ! deign, reader, to be taught,
 late'er thy strength of body, force of thought,)
 ature's happiest mould however cast,
 his complexion thou must come at last.

THETFORD, IN NORFOLK.

GRAND-MOTHER WAS buried here,
 COUSIN JANE, and two UNCLES dear ;
 FATHER perish'd with a mortification in his thighs ;
 SISTER dropp'd down dead in the MINORIES :
 the reason why I'm here interr'd, according to
 my thinking,
 sing to my good living, and hard drinking.
 therefore, good christians, you wish to live long,
 't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any
 thing strong.

W. H.

M

OVER THE FIGURE OF A SKELETON.

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Good passenger, one moment stay,
 And contemplate this heap of clay ;
 'Tis LACKINGTON that claims a pause,
 Who strove with death, but lost his cause :
 A stranger genius ne'er need be,
 Than many a merry year was he.
 Some faults he had, some virtues too ;
 (The devil himself should have his due ;)
 And as dame fortune's wheel turn'd round,
 Whether at top or bottom found,
 He never once forgot his station,
 Nor e'er disown'd a poor relation ;
 In poverty he found content,
 Riches ne'er made him insolent.
 When poor, he'd rather read than eat ;
 When rich, books form'd his highest treat.

IN VENICE

Is a Latin inscription, thus Englished.

To the memory of

JOHN MAGGI,

An incomparable boy,

Who, thro' the unskilfulness of the midwife,

On the 21st day of December, 1632,

Was translated from the womb to the tomb.

STEPNEY.

ON MR. ROGER CRAB,

*Called the Pilgrim, who entered into eternity the
11th day of September, 1680, in the 60th year of
his age.*

TREAD gently, reader, near the dust
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust;
For, while 'twas flesh, it held a guest,
With universal love possess'd;
A soul, that stemm'd opinion's tide,
Did over-sects in triumph ride:
Yet separate from the giddy croud,
And paths tradition had allow'd,
Thro' good and ill reports he past,
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last;
Would'st thou his religion know,
In brief, 'twas this—to all to do
Just as he would be done unto;
So in kind nature's laws he stood,
A temple undefil'd with blood,
A friend to every thing was good;
The rest—angels alone can fitly tell;
Haste then to them and him; and so farewell.

ST. MARY'S, YORK.

To the memory of a young maiden, who was accidentally drowned, December 24, 1796.

By her Lover.

Near to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid death shew'd no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water fill'd,
Came sudden death, and life like water spill'd.

ST. CLEMENT DANES

BURYING GROUND.

HERE lie the remains of

Honest JOE MILLER,

Who was a tender husband,

A sincere friend,

A facetious companion,

And an excellent comedian.

He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738,

Aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.

Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

News of his death, and how he died, is told

JANUARY

ON THE TRADESCANTS.

Father and son, the celebrated gardeners and botanists, of whom more may be known by searching the AHMOLEAN MUSEUM at OXFORD; to which their cabinet of curiosities was added, by a deed of gift from Mr. TRADESCANT, Jan. bearing date December 10th, 1657.

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last dyed in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature through;
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as HOMER's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut;
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gard'ners to the ROSE AND LILY QUEEN,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change this garden for a paradise.

ON A WELCHMAN,

KILLED BY A FALL FROM HIS HORSE.
HERE lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
David ap Morgan, ap Shenkin, ap Jones;
Hur was born in Wales, hur travell'd in France,
Hur went to heaven by a bad mischance.

ST. JAMES'S, CLERKENWELL.

ON JOHN WEAVER,

*The learned Author of a work entitled Funeral
Monuments.*

WEAVER, who labour'd in a learned strain,
To make men long since dead to live again;
And with expence of oil and ink did watch,
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corpse to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way,
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray;
Riddeeming freely by his care and cost
Many a sad horse, which time long since gave lost;
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruin'd tomb he found,
His pen has built it new out of the ground;
'Twixt earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he been to her like kind;
She was his mother, he a grateful child,
Made her his theme; in a large work compil'd,
Of funerals, reliques, and brave structures rear'd,
On such as seem'd unto her most endear'd;
Alternately to him a grave she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument.

LANCASHIRE gave me breath, and CAMBRIDGE edu-
cation, MIDDLESEX gave me death, and this church
my humation, and Christ to me has given a place
with him in heaven.

State no. 56, A. B. 1682.

SHEBORNE, DORSETSHIRE.

To the memory of the
HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY,

AND HIS SISTER MARY, 1727.

By Pope.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great;
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear;
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind;
Go, live, for heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou ! blest maid ! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more;
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known;
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

HERE lies the body of honest Tom Page,
Who died in the 33d. year of his age.

ABBAY CHURCH, BATH.

ON MR. JAMES QUIN,

THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

By Mr. Garrick.

NGUE, which set the table on a rear,
 m'd the public ear, is heard no more !
 e those EYES, the habingers of wit,
 oke, before the tongue, what SHAKESPEAR
 rit ;
 e: those HANDS, which living were stretch'd
 rth,
 ship's call, to succour modest worth.
 es JAMES QUIN! deign, reader, to be taught,
 r thy strength of body, force of thought,)
 's happiest mould however cast,
 omplexion thou must come at last.

THETFORD, IN NORFOLK.

ID-MOTHER was buried here,
 n JANE, and two UNCLES dear ;
 n perish'd with a mortification in his thighs ;
 i dropp'd down dead in the MINORIES :
 eason why I'm here interr'd, according to
 r thinking,
 to my good living, and hard drinking.
 we, good christians, you wish to live long,
 ask too much wine, brandy, gin, or any
 ing strong.

ON A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BENEATH this rugged monument
 There sleeps the sweetest innocent,
 That e'er with tender passions warm'd
 A parent's heart, or smiling charm'd a
 Her wit mature, her rosy cheeks,
 As the op'ning blossoms gay,
 Or the star, when morning breaks :
 Heav'n saw ; and snatch'd her soul away,
 Amidst its cherub forms to shine,
 Who was like them so lovely and divine :
 Bring flow'rs, ye virgins ! strew her grave,
 Then say, " These sweets let sweetness have."

LAMBETH CHURCH-YARD.

Near this place are the remains of

WILLIAM BACON,

Of the Salt Office, London, Gent.
 Who was killed by thunder and lightning,
 At his window July 19 1727

CAMPBELL

To the memory of

MARY VOGUELL,

Wife of HENRY VOGUELL, Esq. who died 28th of February, 1775, aged 28 years.

SAY then, did bounteous heav'n dispense,
Such beauty, wit, and social sense,
To meet an early doom?
How soon the purest soul is fled
To join the visionary dead,
And share the silent tomb.
Fond man, thy vain complaints give o'er,
Frail as the blossom of an hour:
Thy shadowy term is giv'n;
Yet God, his fav'rite vot'ry knows,
Contracts the span replete with woes,
And calls the saint to heav'n.

WINSLEY, NEAR BRADFORD, WILTS.

NEAR this place lie the remains of JANE SARFEN: she spent a great part of her life in nursing of young children; in which station she behaved with that faithful diligence and tenderness, that her example is highly worthy the imitation of all those who undertake so important a trust.

ELIZABETH OLIVER, who owes her life to the indefatigable pain and unwearied attendance of this good woman, thinks it her duty to pay this last grateful tribute to her memory.

IGHTHAM, KENT.

To the pretious name and honour of

DAME DOROTHY SELBY,

*The relict of Sir WILKIN SELBY, Knight, the
daughter and heir of CHARLES BONHAM, Esq.*

SHE WAS A DORCAS,
WHOSE curious needle turn'd th' abused stage
Of this lewd world into the GOLDEN AGE;
Whose pen of steel and silken ink enroll'd
The acts of Jonah in records of gold;
Whose art disclos'd that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumph'd, and Britain's walls had shaken.

She was
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah;
Prudently simple, providentially wary,
To the world a Martha, and to heav'n a Mary.

Who put on } in the year } pilgrimage 69
immortality } of her } redeemer 1641
March 15th.

WESTHAM, ESSEX.

ON MR. CHARLES CARR,

Who died December 18th, 1782, aged 62.

I've mock'd the storm,
Out-rid the wave,
And found the harbour in the grave;
With jay forsook this earthly clod; I
And flew into the arms of God.

AT STANTON HARCOURT, OXON,
ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

*Only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, who died
1720.—By Mr. Pope.*

'o this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak,
For must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak;
Let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

ON DEMAR,

A USURER, IN DUBLIN.

By Dean Swift.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
DEMAR, the wealthy, and the wise:
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other half, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

ON COLEMAN,

A plotting papist, in the reign of Charles the Second.

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin;
If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in;
If earth be pleas'd, when ridden of a knave;
Then all are pleas'd—for Coleman's in his grave.

ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET-STREET.

ON ZADOCK SHERMENDINE,

Ob. July 24, 1729, Æt. 67,

For feats in Flandria's plains renown'd,
Here lies a British blade;
Age gave at last the fatal wound,
Which foes in vain essay'd:
Yet boasts the grave but half its prey,
Whilst friends his name adore;
His deeds shall consecrate his clay,
And what can Marlbro's more?

FOLKSTONE, KENT.

AN house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
Nor turn him out of doors for non-payment;
From chimney money* too this house is free:
To such an house who would not tenant be?

Erected 1688.

* Alluding to the tax of two shillings per annum, on every *place or hearth* in every house in England, began 13th Charles II. 1662, abolished by William and Mary, 1689.

THE LADY ELIZABETH,*

second wife to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, died on the 30th of November, in what year is not mentioned (but supposed to be about 1558,) and lies buried in Howard's Chapel at Lambeth, where, on a table, is the following inscription.

Good Duchesse of Norfolk,
The Lord have mercy upon the;
Who died at Lambeth
The last of November.

Farewell, good lady, and sister deare,
In earth we shall never meet heare;
But yet I trust, with God is grace,
In heaven we shall deserve a place;
Yet thy kindnesse shall never depart
During my life out of my heart:
Thou wast to me both far and neare,
A mother, a sister, a friend most deare,
And to all thy friends most sure and fast,
When fortune had sounded his froward blast:
And to the poore a very mother,
More than was known to any other;
Which is thy treasure now at this day,
And for thy soule they heartily pray;
So shall I doe that here remayne;
God thy soul preserve from payne.

By thy most bounded brother,

HENRY LORD STAFFORD.

* She was the daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded the 17th of May, 1521.

ON DR. BUTLER,

BISHOP OF DURHAM.

BENEATH this marble Butler lies entomb'd,
 Who, with a soul inflam'd by love divine,
 His life in presence of his God consum'd,
 Like the bright lamps before the holy shrine.

His aspect pleasing, mild, with learning fraught,
 His eloquence was like a chain of gold,
 That the wild passions of mankind controul'd
 Merit, where ever to be found, he sought.

Desire of transient riches he had none ;
 These he with bounteous hand did well dispense
 Bent to fulfil the ends of Providence,
 His heart still fix'd on an immortal crown.

His heart a mirror was of purest kind,
 Where the bright image of his Maker shin'd ;
 Reflecting faithful to the throne above
 Th' irradiant glories of the mystic dove.

FAIRFORD, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Sacred to the memory of

JOHN TAME, ESQ.

Founder of this Church, who died 1500.

For Jesu's love, pray for me,
 I may not pray, now pray ye,
 With a paternoster and an ave,
 That my sins released may be.

T. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT,

SMITHFIELD.

d to the memory of that worthy and learned
FRANCIS ANTHONY, Doctor in Physick.

: needs no verse to beautifye thy praise,
keep in memory thy spotless name ;
on, virtue, and thy skill did raise
threefold pillar to thy lasting fame.

h poysonous envy ever sought to blame,
hide the fruits of thy intention ;
all they all commend that high designe
purest gold to make a medicine,
t feele thy helpe by that thy rare invention.

lied the 26th of May, 1623, his age 74 ; his
sonne, John Anthony, Doctor in Physicke,
s remembrance of his sorrow.

T. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT,

SMITHFIELD.

in humatum succubat, quantum terrestre viri
nerandi EDWARDI COOKE, Philosophi apprimè
necnon medici spectatissimi, qui tertio idus
ti, anno 1652, anno ætatis 39. Certa resur-
spe (uti necesse) naturæ concessit.

LUCE your briny flood ; what, can you keep
r eyes from tears, and see the marble weep ?
it out, for shame ; or if you find no vent
tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent.

ON WILLIAM BUNBURY,

*Of Hadleigh, in Suffolc, Esq. who died on the 12th
of September, 1748.*

HERE lies the man, whom gen'rous nature blest
With all the charms that ever man possess'd ;
To those were join'd, what study could dispense,
Learning, and all th' accomplishments of sense ;
Wit, judgment, candour, virtue here combine,
To solemnize and hallow this sad shrine ;
But vain is grief, for nature's equal laws
Require effects should follow from their cause :
Mortals, when once above their rank they rise,
Must leave this world, and settle in the skies.

*Some years since, a Mr. DICKSON, who was provost
of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left a
sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph
upon him ; which sum he directed the three execu-
tors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud
the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea amo-
ng them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, wh-
ch run as follows :*

- 1st. Here lies Dickson, provost of Dundee :
- 2d. Here lies Dickson, here lies he.

The third was put to it for a long time, but un-
willing to lose his share of the guinea, at length vocif-
erously exclaimed.

Hallelujah, hallelujee.

*Imitated from the French epitaph on MADAME DE
FONTANGES, Mistress of the KING OF FRANCE.*

The fair, whom love or whom ambition fires,
Approach this tomb, and check those vain desires;
Let the hapless fate of her who here
Perhaps may claim the tribute of a tear,
Deter the unwary: hence, ye envious, see
How vain the pomp of courts, and pity me.

Dazzled by grandeur, and misled by show,
I trod the paths that lead to guilt and woe;
A king's gay, gawdy victim I became,
And, rais'd to titles, they but told my shame.

May the Almighty, in his mercy, save
The wretch who came repentant to the grave;
And be this truth on ev'ry mind imprest,
No real transport fires the guilty breast;
Imperfect are the pleasures, transient all,
And from their greatest height most dreadful is the
fall.

TOWER CHURCH.

*A family of the name of WHITACRE, Iye buried under
a stone with the following inscription.*

SEE how the just, the virtuous, and the strong,
The beautiful, the innocent, the young,
Here in promiscuous dust together lie:
Reflect on this, depart, and learn to die.

* The last person mentioned on the stone dyed of
the bite of a mad dog.

NEWINGTON BUTTS, SURRY.

ON MRS. ROCKEY, SQUIRE,

Wife of Mr. Allfairs Squire, who died 22d November, 1760, aged 60.

AMIDST the errors which in life we see,
 (For who that's human is from error free ?)
 When kind compassion in the bosom dwells,
 To soften sorrow which another feels;
 To help the orphan, stop the widow's sighs,
 And wipe the tears of want from streaming eyes:
 Such christian virtue many faults conceals,
 Procures the joys which sacred writ reveals:
 These were her acts, whose loss we here deplore,
 The means she us'd to open mercy's door.

NEWINGTON BUTTS, SURRY.

ON PATIENCE CHURCHILL,

Who died September 29, 1768, aged 26.

If, by the course of time, we from her birth
 Compute how long she suffer'd here on earth;
 Short was her date, she wither'd in her pride,
 The flow'r scarce op'ned ere it droop'd and dy'd;
 But if we measure by a juster rule,
 The height she reach'd in virtue's sacred school,
 Far longer was her span;—none then appears
 So grac'd by time; so reverenc'd with years.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

HERE lyeth buried Prince Arthure, the first begotten son of the righte renowned Kinge Henry the Seventhe, which noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the castle of Ludlowe, in the seven-teenth yere of his father's raygne, and in the yere of our Lorde God, on thousand five hundred and two.

STANTON HARCOURT.

NEAR this place lie the bodies of
 JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
 An industrious young man, and virtuous maiden,
 Of this parish ;
 Who being at harvest work
 (With several others)
 Were in one instant *kill'd by lightning*,
 The last day of July, 1718.

The following epitaph was written by Mr. Pope, at the request of Lord Hurcourt, who placed the stone over them.

THINK not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
 A pair so faithful could expire ;
 Victims so pure, heav'n saw, well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate :
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late—
 Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can bear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

ON MR. JOHN BEARD,

LATE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

SATIRE, be dumb! nor dream the scenic art
Must spoil the morals and corrupt the heart.

Here lies JOHN BEARD :

Confess, with pensive pause,
His modesty was great as our applause.
Whence had that voice such magic to control?
'Twas but the echo of a well-tun'd soul :
'Thro' life, his morals and his music ran
In symphony, and spoke the virtuous man.

Go, gentle harmonist, our hopes approve,
To meet, and hear thy sacred songs above;
When taught by thee, the stage of life well trod,
We rise to raptures round the throne of God.

Ob. February 5, 1791, Ætatis suæ, 75.

Here lieth THOMAS TOMKINSON,

Late of Slade-House,

Who died February 13, 1780.

His knowledge was great,
Deep things to relate;
Unto the whole world you shall tell,
There is few to be found
Upon English ground
Brave Tomkinson can parallel.

ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA.

Sacred to posterity.

In a vault, near this place, lies the body of
 ANNE, the only daughter of
 EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, LL. D.
 Born in London, January 20, 1667,
 Who,
 For a considerable time, declined the matrimonial
 state,
 And scheming many things
 Superior to her sex and age,
 On the 30th of June, 1690,
 And under the command of her brother,
 With the arms and in the dress of a man,
 She approv'd herself a true VIRAGO,
 By fighting undaunted in a fire ship against the
 French,
 Upwards of six hours.
 She might have given us a race of heroes,
 Had not premature fate interposed.
 She returned safe from that naval engagement,
 And was married, in some months after, to
 JOHN SPRAGGE, Esq.
 With whom she lived half a year extremely happy,
 But being delivered of a daughter, she died
 A few days after,
 October 30, 1692.

This monument, to his most dear and affectionate
 wife, was erected by her most disconsolate husband.

COMPOSED BY A GENTLEMAN,
FOR HIMSELF.

FAREWELL, vain world ! I've seen enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here :
What faults you saw in me take care to shun,
And look at home—enough there's to be done ;
Where'er I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot :
I was, now am not ; ask no more of me,
'Tis all I am, and all that you shall be.

In the church of St. Catharine, at Gosfield, in Essex is a superb monument to the memory of a son of the name of Knight, enclosed in a large wainscote case, which opens by two folding doors. The length effigies of the persons to whose memory was erected, are curiously wrought in marble, & over their heads the following inscription.

O FAIREST pattern to a falling age,
Whose public virtue knew no party rage ;
Whose private name all titles recommend,—
The pious son, fond husband, faithful friend
In manners plain, in sense alone refin'd,
Good without shew, and without weakness kind
To reason's equal dictate ever true,
Calm to resolve, and constant to pursue.
In life with ev'ry social grace adorn'd,
In death, by friendship, honor, virtue mourn'd.

ST. PETER'S, AT ST. ALBANS.

In the yere of Christ, one thousand·fowr
 Hundred, full trew,
 With fowr and sixteen,
 I, RICHARD SKYPWITH, gentylman in birth,
 Late fellow of New Inne;
 In my age twenti-on, my sowl party'd from
 The body in August
 The sixteenth day,
 And now I lye her, abiding God's mercy,
 Under this ston in clay;
 Desyring yow that this sal see, unto the
 Maiden pray for me;
 Yat bare both God and man,
 Like as ye wold, that order for yee shold
 When ye ne may nor can.

CLERKENWELL.

ON MR. JOSEPH ASTILL,

Who died Jan. 12, 1795, aged 50.

EARTH is now laid to earth,
 And dust to dust,
 Earth opens its mouth,
 And be fill'd it must.
 This is the lot of all,
 There are none can flee;
 Earth is not full,
 There's room yet left for thee.

On a tomb stone, in the burying ground in the City Road.

To the memory of
 The venerable JOHN WESLEY, A.M.
 Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
 This great light arose,
 By the singular providence of God,
 To enlighten these nations,
 And to revive, enforce, and defend
 The pure apostolical doctrine and practice of
 The primitive church,
 Which he continued to defend, both by his
 Labours and his writings,
 For more than half a century;
 And who, to his inexpressible joy,
 Not only beheld their influence extending,
 And their efficacy witnessed,
 In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
 As well in the WESTERN WORLD, as in these
 kingdoms,
 But also, far above all human power or expectation,
 Lived to see provision made by the singular
 Grace of God,
 For their continuance and establishment,
 To the joy of future generations.
 Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the
 Instrument,
 Give God the glory.
 After having languished a few days,
 He at length finished
 His course and his life together,
 Gloriously triumphing over death,
 March 2, Anno Domini 1791,
 In the 88th year of his age.

CLAYBROOK, LEICESTERSHIRE.

By the Margravine of Anspach.

To the memory of

CHARLES JENNER, Clerk, A. M.

Vicar of this parish,

Who died May 11th, 1774, aged 38.

HERE in earth's cold bosom lies entomb'd
 A man, whose sense, by ev'ry virtue grac'd,
 Made each harmonious muse obey his lyre;
 Nor shall th' erasing mind of pow'rful time
 Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful breast,
 And dearer still to soft humanity;
 For oft the sympathetic tear would start
 Unbidden from his eye: another's woe
 He read, and felt it as his own.

Reader,

It is not flattery or pride that rais'd
 To his remains this modest stone; nor yet
 Did partial fondness trace these humble lines;
 But weeping friendship, taught by truth alone
 To give, if possible, in future days,
 A faint idea to the race to come,
 That here reposeth all the mortal part
 Of one, who only liv'd to make his friends
 And all the world regret he e'er should die.

SHOREDITCH.

ON MR. JACOB VESENBECK, GENT.

Who died December 31, 1729, aged 69.

In all your pride and self vain glory,
 Mind this same well, Man's mortal.

At Bury St. Edmund's, during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, a young woman was struck dead by a fire-ball, which fell in the house, and slightly hurt her mother, Mary Singleton.

HERE lies interred the body of
 MARY SINGLETON,
 A young maiden of this parish,
 Aged 9 years;
 Born of Roman Catholic parents,
 And virtuously brought up;
 Who, being in the act of prayer,
 Repeating her vespers,
 Was instantaneously killed by a flash of lightning,
 August 16, 1785.

NOT Siloam's ruinous tow'r the victims slew,
 Because above the many sinn'd the few :
 Nor here the fated lightning wreak'd his rage,
 By vengeance sent for crimes matur'd by age ;
 For whilst the thunder's awful voice was heard,
 The little suppliant, with its hands uprear'd,
 Address'd her God in pray'rs the priest had taught;
 His mercy crav'd, and his protection sought.

Learn, reader, hence, that wisdom to adore,
 Thou canst not scan ; and fear his boundless pow'r.
 Safe shalt thou be, if thou perform'st his will ;
 Blest if he spares, and more blest should he kill !

CIRENCESTER CHURCH-YARD.

OUR bodies are like SHOES, which off we cast ;
 PHOEBE their COBBLER is, and death their LAST.

INTENDED FOR

WILLIAM COYFE,

Of Kent, who died in March 1756, aged 23.

He rests, from all the cares of fleeting life,
 A youth whose early worth our praises claim;
 humane bosom was unknown to strife,
 and all his actions brought increase of fame.

So habit virtuous, and from reason just,
 When round his heart death's gloomy terrors
 play'd;

did not after life's allurements lust,
 but meekly smiling, heav'n's decree obey'd.

Never his friends shall view this darksome grave;

Whene'er upon his virtues they reflect;

A mourning tear will fall, the heartfelt sigh will
 heave:

By tender passions all their soul be deckt.

EPITAPHE DE ROBESPIERRE.

PASSANT, ne pleure pas mon sort,

Si je vivais, tu serais mort.

IN ENGLISH.

Passenger, weep not at my fate.

For were I *living*, thou wouldst soon be dead.*

* In allusion to his insatiate thirst for the blood of his fellow ci-
 tizens.

ON MRS. SARAH MENCE,

Who died in 1763, aged 75.

PEACE to the ashes, and the virtuous mind,
 Of her who liv'd in peace with all mankind ;
 Humbly religious, silently sincere,
 Humane to others, to herself severe ;
 Learn'd from the heart, unknowing of disguise,
 Truth in her thoughts, and candour in her eyes ;
 Who sacrific'd no faith to private ends,
 Without *reserve* devoted to her friends :
 Stranger alike to envy and to pride,
 Good sense her light, the word of God her guide ;
 She gave to piety her early days,
 And breath'd in dying hours her Maker's praise.
 Happy, who thus the soul to heav'n engage,
 Their youth's first choice, their last desire in age.

PANCRAE.

ON ELIZABETH,

The Wife of MICHAEL BOURKE, Esq. who died
September 7, 1784, aged 74.

OH ! lost and mourn'd, admir'd, and lov'd thro' life,
 Thou best of women, and thou faithful wife.
 Farewell, 'tis mine thy virtues to deplore ;
 To linger here, and feel thy aid no more ;
 'Tis mine to wait 'till thy remains are led
 To this blest tomb, where rests thy languid head ;
 Then shall thy husband (from that anguish free
 Thy death has left him) rest in peace with thee.

CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON QUEEN ELEANOR,

Wife to King Edward the First.

QUEEN ELEANOR is interr'd,
A worthy noble dame,
Sister unto the Spanish King,
Of royal blood and fame.
King Edward's wife, first of that name,
And Prince of Wales by right,
Whose father Henry, just the Third,
Was sure an English Wight,
Who crav'd her wife unto his son ;
The prince himself did go
On that embassy luckily,
As chief, with many mo.
This knot of linked marriage
Her brother Alphonso lik'd,
And so 'twæen sister and this prince
The marriage was upstrik'd.
The dow'ry rich and royal was,
For such a prince most meek,
For Pontieue was the marriage gift,
A dowry rich and great.
A woman both in council wise,
Religious, fruitful, meek,
Who did increase her husband's friends,
And larg'd his honour eke.

Learn to die.
O

A SCOTCH EPITAPH.

HERE fast asleep lies SAUNDERS SCOTT,
 Long may he snort and snore ;
 His bairns are now in Gormaa's pot,
 That us'd to strut the streets before.

He liv'd a lude and tastrel life,
 For gude he nae regarded ;
 His perjurd clack rais'd mickle strife,
 For whilk belike he'll be rewarded.

Ill-temper'd loon ! that us'd to snort
 When ilk his neighbours fell in trouble ;
 His gybes do now lie in the dirt,
 To satisfy his brethren double.

The bread of life was offer'd him
 For to abate his evil ;
 But he refus'd, and sae he's dead ;
 Wha kens but now he's wi' the devil ?

But synè he's gane, I'll say nae mair—
 In Abram's bosom may he waken ;
 But gin he meet with sic gude fate,
 There's mair than aye will be mistaken.

KING'S ARLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.

LITHOLEGMA QUARE REPOSITUR,

SIR HARRY.*

Anglico.

A HEAP of stônes you see appear,
 For why ! because SIR HARRY lieth here,

* Sir Henry Coningsby.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

*principal secretaries of state to King Wil-
 . who having resigned his place, died in
 at Easthamsted, in Berks, 1716.*

By Mr. Pope.

ing form, a firm yet cautious mind,
 tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd ;
 unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
 one side, but mod'rate to the rest ;
 st courtier, yet a patriot too,
 his prince, and to his country true :
 th the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 for wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
 ous faith, from superstition free,
 o peace, and hate of tyranny :
 man was, who now from earth remov'd,
 h enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

 WESTMINSTER ABBEY CLOISTERS.

eth the body of GEORGE VIRTUE, late en-
 fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, who
 in London, anno 1684, and departed this
 1 July, 1756.

manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
 all the genius of the graphic art,
 me shall each succeeding artist own,
 or by far than monuments of stone.

In the east walk of the Cloisters, at this Abbey is a handsome monument, with the following elegant inscription.

READER,

If thou art a Briton,
Behold this tomb with reverence and regret:
Here lie the remains of

DANIEL PULTENEY,

The kindest relation, the truest friend,
The warmest patriot, the worthiest man:
He exercised virtue in this age,
Sufficient to have distinguished him even in the best
Sagacious by nature,
Industrious by habit,
Inquisitive with art,

He gain'd a complete knowledge of the state of
Britain,

Foreign and domestic,
In most the backward fruits of tedious experience
In him the early acquisition of undissipated youth.
He served the court several years;
Abroad, in the auspicious reign of Queen Anne,
At home, in the reign of that excellent prince
George I.

He served his country always;

At court independant,

In the senate unbiassed:

At every age and in every station,
This was the bent of his generous soul,
This was the business of his laborious life.
Public men, and public things,
He judged by one constant standard,
The true interest of Britain:
He made no other distinction of party;

He abhorred all other.

Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent,

He created no enemies on his own account :

Firm, determined, inflexible,

He feared none he could create in the cause of

BRITAIN.

Reader,

In this misfortune of thy country, lament thy own.

For know,

The loss of so much private worth,

Is a public calamity.

*** There is no mention made on the monument
of his age or the time of his death.

IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

*Is a monument to the memory of JOHN PUCKERING,
Knight, and Lord Chancellor, in the reign of Queen
Elizabeth. Over his effigy is a Latin inscription,
thus Englished.*

THE public care and laws engag'd my breast,

To live was toilsome, but to die is rest ;

Wealth, maces, guards, crowns, titles, things that
fade,

The prey of time and sable death are made.

VIRTUE INSPIRES MEN.

His wife this statue rears to her lov'd spouse,

The test of constancy and marriage vows.

I trust I shall see the Lord in the land of the living.

In the year 1746, was found, at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, a grave stone, about six feet under the surface, with a cross of FLEUR DE LIS, standing on four steps, out in the middle, and round the edges the following monkish verses. There was no date; but a coffin with bones in it, lay immediately under the stone. It was in old English letter, and very legible.

EPITAPH.

RICARDUS MERCATOR victus morte noverca,
Qui cepat mercari, pausat in hac ieriarca;
Extulit Ephebus paucis vivendo diebus
Ecclesiam rebus; sic et varis speciebus.
Vivat et Cælis nunc Mercator Michaelis.

They were copied from the stone by Dr. W. a Physician, and by him thus translated.

SUBDUED by death, his step-mother, here lies
Dick Merchant, stript of all his merchandize.
Young tho' he died, the church he ne'er forgot;
Gave lands and houses, pictures, and what not.
Now may he live in heaven, and there be
St. Michael's merchant to eternity.

HERNE CHURCH YARD,

NEAR CANTERBURY.

HERE lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish that must
Be us'd in heav'n, when God shall feed the just.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

CHURCH OF WIMBORNE, IN SUSSEX.

By Mr. Pope.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd:
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay:
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As shew'd vice had his hate, and pity too:
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep such friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefather's ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

By Ben Jonson.

UNDERNEATH this marble base
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

NEAR THE CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

*Is a monument erected to the memory of MICHAEL
DRAYTON, Esq. a memorable poet of his age, who
exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, anno
1631.—The inscription is as follows:*

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know,
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust ;
Protect his mem'ry and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory ;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name ;
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

ON GILBERT WALMSLEY, ESQ.

By Mr. Seward.

READER, if virtue, science, reason, charm,
If social charities thy bosom warm ;
If, justly stil'd the guardlan of the poor,
The hungry bless thy hospitable door ;
Firm to Britannia's prince, religion, laws,
If freedom fire thee in thy country's cause ;
With sympathetic grief these relicts see
But think not Walmsley's dead—he lives in thee.

the decease of Mrs. Vanbutchel, wife of Mr. Vanbutchel, of Mount Street, Grosvenor-Square: he contrived, with the assistance of Dr. William Hunter (one of the first anatomists in the kingdom) to preserve the body as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health; put it into a glass case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance.—The following epitaph was written on her, by Mr. Grove, of Litchfield, by way of translation to a Latin one by Dr. Baker.

ERE unentomb'd, Vanbutchel's consort lies,
To feed her husband's grief, or charm his eyes:
Timeless and pure her body still remains,
And all its former elegance retains;
Long had disease been preying on her charms,
And slow she shrunk in death's expecting arms;
When Hunter's skill, in spite of nature's laws,
Her beauties rescu'd from corruption's jaws;
And the pale roses of her cheeks revive,
And her shrunk features seem again to live:
Hunter, who first conceiv'd the happy thought,
And here at length to full perfection brought.

O lucky husband! blest of heaven,
To thee the privilege is given
A much lov'd wife at home to keep,
Caress, touch, talk to, even sleep
Close by her side, whene'er you will
As quiet as if living still.
And, strange to tell, that fairer she,
And sweeter than alive should be;

Fair, plump, and juicy as before,
 And full as tractable, or more.
 Thrice happy mortal! envied lot,
 What a rare treasure hast thou got;
 Who to a woman can lay claim.
 Whose temper's every day the same.

ON JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

Of Matchem, Berks, and Stoke, Suffolk.

The Miser.

HERE, to man's honour, and to man's disgrace,
 Lies a strong picture of the human race,
 In Elwes's form; whose spirit, heart, and mind,
 Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd.
 Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
 And base the mass that many a diamond bore.
 Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
 Avarice united with benevolence.
 Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
 Were sometimes warmly kind and always just.
 With pow'rs to reach ambition's highest birth,
 He sunk a wretch that grovell'd to the earth.
 Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
 Poor to the poor, still poorer to himself.
 To pleasure's joy he virtue's joy denied,
 Want all his fear, and riches all his pride.
 A foe to none, to many oft a friend,
 Callous to give, but liberal to lend.
 Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
 Ne'er in his country's plunder sought for wealth.

Call'd by her voice, but call'd without expence,
 His nobler nature rous'd in her defence.
 And in the senate, labouring in her cause,
 The strictest guardian of the purest laws
 He stood; and each instinctive taint above,
 To every bribe preferr'd a people's love.
 Yet still, with no stern patriotism fir'd,
 Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd;
 By pen'ry guarded from pride's sickly train,
 Living a length of days without a pain;
 And, adding to the million never try'd,
 Lov'd, pity'd, scorn'd, and honour'd, Elwes died.
 Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,
 Man is a compound of the great and mean.
 Discordant qualities together ty'd,
 Virtues in him with vices are ally'd.
 The sport of follies, of crimes the heir,
 Each must the mixture of an Elwes share;
 Pondering his faults, his merits not disown,
 But in his nature recollect thy own;
 And think for life and pardon where to trust,
 Were God not mercy, when his creature's dust.

ON MRS. OLDFIELD,

THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

By Mr. Seward.

WHEN Oldfield dies, e'en Congreve's laurels fade,
 And this we own in justice to her shade,
 The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairborne, Knt. Governor of Tangier, in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the moors then besieging the town, in the 46th year of his age, October 24, 1680.

His epitaph, written by Mr. Dryden, is

Ye sacred reliques which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep :
Discharg'd the trust, which (when it was below)
Fairborne's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe,
Alive and dead, these walls he will defend :
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue ;
From thence returning, with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws,
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n, his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height,
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British gen'ral never fell,
Nor gen'ral's death was e'er reveng'd so well,
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.

To his lamented loss, for times to come,
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

With diligence and trust most exemplary
 Did William Lawrence serve a prebendary ;
 And for his paines flow past before not lost,
 Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost ;
 Read these lines again, and you will find
 A servant faithful and a master kind ;
 Short hand he wrote ; his flow'r in prime did fade,
 And hasty Death short hand of him hath made ;
 Well corth he nūbers and well measure land,
 Thus doth he now that grow'd where you stand,
 Wherein he lies. So geometrical
 Art maketh some; but thus will nature all
 Obijt December 28th 1621, Aetatis aetate 32.

BENSINGTON CHURCH-YARD,

OXFORDSHIRE.

On a head stone for an infant of two years of age.

The rolling world turn'd poet, made a play,
 I came to see it, dislik'd, and went away.

BERMONDSEY.

ON ELIZ. HOWDON,

Who died February 7, 1788, aged 72.

My soul, do thou look down and view,
 This hollow gaping tomb ;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Where'er the summons come.

IN ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

Is an elegant monument of white marble, representing a youth in Grecian armour, sitting on a Greek altar, and erected, as the Latin inscription sets forth, to the memory of Francis Hollis, by John, Earl of Clare, his afflicted father. This brave youth, returning from a campaign in Flanders, died on the 12th of August, 1622, in the 19th year of his age. The epitaph on the monument is as follows.

WHAT'ER thou hast of nature or of arts,
Youth, beauty, strength, or what excelling parts
Of mind and body, letters, arms, and worth,
His eighteen years beyond his years brought forth.
Then stand, and read thyself within this glass,
How soon these perish, and thyself may pass;
Man's life is measur'd by the work, not days,
Not aged sloth, but active youth hath praise.

 ON SIR FRANCIS VERE.

WHEN Vere sought death, arm'd with his sword and shield,

Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him, and he dy'd.

Ob. 28th of August, 1608.

The following inscription is cut in marble, and placed against the wall of a church at Lampspring in Germany.

O,	QUID	TUA	TE
BE!	BIS?	BIA	AMT
EA	EA	EA	
ES	ET	IN	
NAM	NAM	NAM	
II			

ET SIS UT EGO NUNC.

The following is given as a Solution.

O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia,

Te superabit.

Terra es, et in terram ibis;

Et sis ut ego nunc.

Thus translated.

O vain man! what haughtiness thou assumest!
thy pride hath overcome thee. Earth thou art, and
to earth thou shalt return, and thou shalt be as I
am now.

BLANDFORD, DORSETSHIRE.

To the memory of.

HENRIETTA MARIA PERCY.

See from the earth the fading lily rise,
It springs, it grows, it flourishes and dies;
So this fair flow'r, scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom, and early the decay.

IN ST. MARY, WHITECHAPEL,

Is a brass plate with the following inscription

In the east church-yard, lyeth the body of Agnes Boundy, daughter of Peter Boundy, curate of Den, in the county of Bedford, and Millicent his wife: she was the eldest of fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters; three of which died before her, and ten survived her: she was born on Wednesday, August 24, 1687; and on Wednesday, August 6, 1716, she set out for London; on Wednesday, October 3, the small-pox came out upon her, at her brother's house in this parish, and on Wednesday, October 10, the Lord who gave her took her away; blessed be the name of the Lord: so remarkable is God in his providential dispensations. Whoso are wise will observe these things, and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. *Psalm 107, Verse 43.*

OLD GREY FRIARS,

EDINBURGH.

Cy gist ma femme fort bien,
Pour son repose, ce pour le mien.

Thus translated.

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

WHITECHAPEL.

ERIA MIDDLEWOOD, died January 30, 1794, aged two years and five months. SARAH, her sister, died February 8th, aged five years, both interred beneath this stone.

dear children, once your parents' hope and joy,
 Filled by the fatal mooring-cough brought low;
 how cruel rage their bliss did so annoy,
 When death, fell power, gave the fatal blow:
 And tho' to heaven's glorious bright abode,
 Your happy spirits wing their destin'd way,
 our parents weep, while travelling life's dull road
 Your sweet blossoms cropp'd in early day.

*signed for a stone in the church-yard of Haddington,
upon a youth who died of a decline.*

READER, if e'er you priz'd a fav'rite flow'r,
 That droop'd untimely from some latent pow'r;
 If oft with pleasure you its form survey'd,
 And blest the tree that lent its friendly shade;
 Or watch'd the sunny ray or morning dew,
 That on its face a flatt'ring lustre threw;
 Then here again recall the tender strife,
 This flower faded in the spring of life;
 As yours admir'd, lamented, and belov'd,
 It left this earth, to happier climes remov'd.

ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

*Is a superb monument, composed of marble and
baster, of various colours, curiously stained, and
to the memory of JOHN LORD RUSSELL, (son
heir to Francis, Earl of Bedford), and his
Francis, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nathaniel
Cook, and widow of Sir Thomas Hobbs, Knight.
His lady was esteemed the greatest female of
of her age, being well versed in the learned
guages, and an excellent poet. On the tomb
five epitaphs of her composition, three in Latin,
one in Greek, and the following in English.
The purport of the others are much the same.*

Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth;
His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light,
Death hath me left. But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
JOHN was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
LORD RUSSELL once, now my tear-thirsty clay.

HAMPSTEAD.

UNDERNEATH where as you see,
There lies the body of SIMON TREE.

Who departed this life August 12th, 1722, in
64th year of his age.

NEWINGTON, OLD CHURCH.

ON MR. AND MRS. DAY.

THOUGH from this state of animated clay,
 The path prove painful, or obscure the way;
 Through death to life, the pass once gain'd,
 The conflict ended, and the prize attain'd.

That prize celestial where no storm assails,
 No ills approach, nor aught but joy prevails;
 Lament not then the excellence that's gone,
 Nor shade with grief the glories it has won,

Bid the big heart repress its burning throws,
 For ever torn from whom its motion flows;
 Ah! yet immortal pair, to parents, friends, like you,
 One mournful tear, admit the last long long adieu.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, STEPNEY.

On the east side of the portico, leading up to the gallery, on the north side of the chancel, is a stone, on which are engraved the following lines.

O! Carthage great I was a stone;
 O mortals read with pity:
 Time consumes all, it spareth none,
 Men, mountains, towns, nor city.

Therefore, O mortals, all bethink
 You whereunto you must,
 Since now such stately buildings
 Lie buried in the dust.

Lines by the learned and facetious Reverend William Goodwin, Fellow of Eton College, and Vicar of St Nicholas, in Bristol. He died in June, 1747. Written for himself.

HERE lies a head that often ach'd;
 Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
 Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
 Here lies a heart that often beat;
 Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
 And in the night but seldom slept;
 Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
 Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
 Here lie the midriff, and the breast,
 With loads of indigestion prest;
 Here lies the liver full of bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
 Here lie the bowels, human tripe,
 Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes;
 Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene;
 That left side weight that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates nature's circling flood;
 Here lie the nerves, so often twich'd
 With painful cramps, and poignant stich;
 Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pain,
 Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;
 Here lies the skin *per* scurvy fed,
 With pimples, and eruptions red;
 Here lies the man, from top to toe,
 That fabric fam'd for pain and woe;
 He caught a cold, but colder death
 Compress'd his lungs and stop'd his breath;

The organs could no longer go,
 Because the bellows ceas'd to blow.
 Thus I dissect this honest friend,
 Who ne'er till death was at wit's end;
 For want of spirits here he fell;
 With higher spirits let him dwell,
 In future state of peace and love,
 Where just men's perfect spirits move.

ON HANNAH,

*Wife of the Rev. RICHARD GEORGE ROBINSON,
 of Litchfield.*

By Miss Seward.

ERE ten short months had run their swift career,
 Three lovely sisters press th' untimely bier;
 Last of the fallen blossoms, griev'd, I pay,
 At thy pure shrine, this tributary lay.

If ever dwelt, with mortal woman's mind,
 Angelic worth, from sin's dark stain refin'd;
 O gentle Hannah! in thy beauteous frame,
 From heav'n to earth the soft perfection came.

Unhappy husband, who art doom'd to mourn,
 Thy lamp of joy extinguish'd in her urn;
 May thy torn breast congenial meekness prove,
 O live! to emulate thy sainted love.

So shalt thou, passing a few patient years
 With pious hope, illumine thy falling tears;
 And when thy clay this sacred dust shall join,
 Be ever *her's*,—who transiently was thine.

ON A PROFLIGATE MATHEMATICIAN

AT MANCHESTER.

HERE lies JOHN HILL,
 A man of skill,
 His age was five times ten :
 He ne'er did good,
 Nor ever would,
 Had he liv'd as long again:

ST. MARTIN'S, LUDGATE.

ON FLORENS CALDWELL, Esq.

OF LONDON,

AND MARY WILDE, HIS WIFE.

EARTH goes to earth, as mold to mold ;
 Earth treads on earth, glittering in gold ;
 Earth as to earth returne ne'er should ;
 Earth shall to earth goe e'er he would.
 Earth upon earth consider may ;
 Earth goes to earth naked away,
 Earth tho' on earth be stout and gay,
 Earth shall from earth passe poore away.
 Be mercifull and charitable,
 Relieve the poor as thou art able,
 A shroud to the grave
 Is all thou shalt have.

WESTHAM, ESSEX.

ON MR. THOMAS WARNER,

Who died September 4th, 1787, aged 53.

Our life hangs by a single thread,
Which soon is cut, and we are dead ;
Then boast not, reader, of thy might,
Alive at noon, and dead at night,

WITHENSHAW, CHESHIRE.

*On the daughter of Dr. FOUNTAIN, Dean of York,
wife of WILLIAM TATTON, Esq. of Tatton Park,
in Cheshire.*

If e'er on earth true happiness were found,
'Twas thine, bless'd shade, that happiness to
prove :

A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.

Ah ! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
How smil'd the morning with auspicious rays ;
How triumph'd youth and beauty in thy train,
And flatter'd health, that promis'd length of days.

Hear'n join'd your hearts, three pledges of your joy
Were given, in thrice the year's revolving round :
Here, reader ! pause, and own, with pitying eye,
" That not on earth true happiness is found.

AT BATH ABBEY, SOMERSETSHIRE.

ON MARY,

*Third daughter of Richard Frampton, of Moreton, in
Dorsetshire, Esq. born Jan. 1st, 1676-7, and died
after seven weeks sickness, Sept. 6, 1698.*

By Dryden.

BELOW this marble monument is laid,
All that heav'n wants of this celestial maid;
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust confin'd,
The mold was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mixt of other clay;
Such were the features of her heavenly face:
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace;
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture, shone in glass unneal'd,
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
Too piercing also to be sustain'd by sight;
Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
As thro' a chrysell'd case the figur'd hours are seen;
And heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide;
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies,
For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dyes;
High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind;
Yet had she learnt so much of heav'n below,
That when arriv'd she scarce had more to know;

it only to refresh the former hint,
 and read her Maker in a fairer print;
 pious, as she had no time to spare
 for human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r;
 at in such charities she pass'd the day,
 was wonder how she found an hour to pray;
 soul so calm, it knew not ebbs and flows,
 high passion could but not discompose;
 female softness, with a manly mind,
 daughter duteous, and a sister kind,
 sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

ST. MARTIN'S, ORGAN'S, LONDON: SHOW

M. S. SIR ALLEN COTTON

night and Alderman of London, sometime Lord
 Mayor of this honourable city, who died 24th of
 September, 1628.

WHEN he left earth, rich bounty dy'd,
 Mild courtesie gave place to pride;
 Soft mercie to bright justice sayde,
 O sister! we are both betray'd:
 White innocence lay on the ground
 By truth, and wept at either's wound;
 The sons of Levi did lament,
 Their lamps went out, their oyl was spent;
 Heav'n hath his soul, and only we
 Spill out our lives in misery;
 So death, thou missest of thy ends,
 And kill'st not him, but kill'st his friends.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

POETS CORNER.

In memory of

BARTON BOOTH, Esq.

Descended from the ancient family
 Of that name in the county of Lancaster.
 In his early youth he was admitted
 Into the Collegiate School of Westminster,
 Under the celebrated Dr. Busby ;
 Where he soon discovered and improved a genius,
 Which (favor'd by the Muse he lov'd)
 So happily combin'd
 The expressive powers of action,
 With a peculiar grace of elocution,
 As not only procured him the royal patronage,
 But the grateful applause
 Of a judicious public.
 He died in 1733, in the 54th year of his age,
 Very justly regretted
 By all who knew how to estimate
 Abilities in an actor,
 Politeness in a gentleman,
 Fidelity in a friend.

ON A MISER,

WHO HAD MARRIED A COQUET.

HERE resteth JOHN 'midst other clay,
 Who heap'd up riches ev'ry day,
 And never gave one doit away ;
 Parted with nothing all his life,
 But what in common was—his wife.

MEMORIAL, 1791.

ON JOSEPH WIDDŌOSON,

Who died Februry 25, 1791.

In the morning when I did wake,
I was then in a healthy state ;
Ere four hours spent and gone,
I found my glass was nearly run ;
I pray'd the Lord would me forgive ;
In heaven I hope he will my soul receive.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sacred to the memory of

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

Knight of the Roman Empire, and a Baronet of
Ireland ; painter to the Kings Charles II. James II.
William III. Queen Ann, and King George the First.
died October 26, 1723, aged 77.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures thought ;
For two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great ;
His crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise ;
Great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works ; and dying, fears herself may die.*

Pope.

* Imitated from the well known epitaph on Raphael.

Among whom he brought a good understanding;
 And when things went wrong or lame,
 Would stoop

To set them on better footing.

He was not linked to any party;
 Old and New

Were equally his interest;

He made a great worst in the world;

And stood in his station

Till age spread a rust over him;

And death put out his fire

And here are laid his dust and ashes
 In the Abbey of Westminster

Westminster Abbey

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE ANTIQUARIAN CAMPDEN.

WILLIAM CAMPDEN,

Clarendon King at Arms,

Who illustrated the British antiquities

With ancient truth

And indefatigable industry,

Adorned his innate simplicity with

Useful literature,

And improved his pleasantness of humour,

With candour and sincerity,

Lies here,

In hopes of a certain resurrection in Christ.

He died the 9th of November, 1623,

Aged 74 years.

ON WALLER.

The following lines were hung on a branch of a venerable walnut-tree, which overshadows the burial place of the celebrated poet WALLER, in the church yard at Beaconsfield, in Bucks: he died 1687 aged 82.

STRANGER, if virtue or if verse be dear,
 With pious caution pay thy visit here,
 Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
 Twice fifty summers underneath my shade,
 Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand
 To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand.
 Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
 A part of WALLER feeds my verdant bloom;
 Oh, spare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
 For in each leaf a part of him you save;
 And on the fruits which clust'ring round me grow
 (A more than vulgar destiny below),
 Taste, but with reverence, kneeling at the shrine,
 So may'st thou eat, and Waller's Muse be thine;
 A second tree of knowledge may I be,
 And unforbidden wisdom shine in thee.

BERMONDSEY, SURRY.

ON MR. WILLIAM PALIN,

Who died October 25, 1782, aged 36 years.

SILENT grave, to thee I trust
 This precious pile of worthy dust;
 Keep it safe in the sacred tomb,
 Until a wife shall ask for room.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Sacred to the memory of

The REV. SAMUEL LOVE, A. M.

Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, and one of the
Minor Canons of this Cathedral, who died the 18th
of October, 1773, aged 29.

By Hannah More.

WHEN worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
The friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him,
speak.

Oh! let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast:
How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest.

This monument is erected
By some intimate friends of the deceased,
As a testimony
Of his worth, and their esteem.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

ON MARY,

*The wife of the Rev. W. MASON, who died March
27, 1767, aged 28.*

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which heav'n so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died: does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to
charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

STEPNEY.

ON WILLIAM WHEATLY,

Ob. November 10, 1683.

WHOEVER treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same do lie
Your honest friend, Will. Wheatly.

Parish of *WHITE LADIES*, near *SOUTHAMPTON*, and
at *STOKE*, near *GUILFORD*.

THIS world is full of crooked streets;
Death is a place where all men meets :
If life were sold, that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die.

ALLERTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BENEATH the droppings of this spout,*
Here lies the body, once so stout,

Of FRANCIS THOMPSON :

A soul this carcase once possess'd
Which for its virtue was caress'd
By all who knew the owner best.
The Rufford† records can declare,
His actions, who, for seventy year,
Both drew, and drank, its potent beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that time,
In this great *butler* the least crime

To stain his reputation.

To Envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of fault she can reveal,

To make her declaration.

Then rest, good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear,
Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong
beer.

* The stone joins the south wall of the church under one of the spouts.

† Rufford Abbey was the seat of Sir George Saville, Bart, in whose family this person had lived as butler.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

To the memory of CATHERINE LAMY WALPOLE,
first wife of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards Earl
of Orford:

Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this
Monument.

She had beauty and wit, without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts without affectation.

She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the wife of a minister,

Whose power she esteem'd

But when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
Or to reward the meritorious.

She lov'd a private life;

Though born to shine in public, and was an

Ornament to courts,

Untainted by them.

She died August the 20th, 1737.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON GRACE SCOTT,

Who died February 24, 1645.

He that will give my Grace but what is left,

Must say her death has not

Made only her dear Scott,

But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widows.

BERMONDSEY.

HERE lye the bodies of Matthew, Elizabeth,
Mary, and Elizabeth, son and daughters of Matthew
and Sarah Thomson, of Snow Fields.

Fright and robbery was full sore,
Pain and affliction severe I bore ;
Wait thou on God and keep his way,
He shall preserve thee then
The earth to rule, and thou shalt see
Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Sacred to the memory of
MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

CLIVE'S blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
"Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod."
In real life was equal praise her due,
Open to pity and to friendship too ;
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From aught that could afflict humanity.
Her gen'rous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wav'd,
To share with others what by toil she sav'd ;
And, nobly bounteous, from her slender store
He bade two dear relations not be poor :
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON MR. JOHN GAY,

Written by himself.

LIFE is a jest, and all things shew it :
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Beneath are the following lines by POPE.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child ;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age ;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great ;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end :
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mixt with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

Here lie the ashes of MR. JOHN GAY,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man ;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune ;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age,
And that equal serenity of mind,

Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to ev'ry elegant art;
Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.

His works continue to inspire
What his example taught;
Contempt of folly, however adorn'd,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgrac'd.

Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of
Queensberry,
Who loved this excellent person living,
And respect him dead,
Sed this monument to be erected to his memory.
Died 1732.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE,

*Written by Paul Whitehead, Esq. Supposed to be
inscribed by the Hand of History.*

BRITON, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Jerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd:
Nor less, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease;

ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE lieth T. S.

Who, whilst he liv'd, was *hotly employed*

In the service of his country;

He had abilities for matters of weight,

And, whatever came upon the anvil

He turn'd to advantage.

He was *deft* in penetrating into things;

For few were so hard, or so close

But he would *scrape* unto them, and *pry* thro' them;

He *show'd* great strokes of his strong parts,

As well in *cutting asunder* the firmest connections

Which *lay* in his way,

As in *uniting* what he found *asunder*

To answer his purpose.

Whatever *black contrivances* were forged,

He soon *blew* them up,

And was successful in *quenching*

The red hot fury of those he had in hand:

His station was an *inquiet* one;

But by a judicious use of instruments,

Of which he was master,

And by making *vice* itself

Subservient to his work,

He secured his points;

And by hitting the right nail on the head,

Arrived to the height of his desires,

And lived, with SPIRITS,

In the common way:

In which situation

He bent himself to be serviceable

To his neighbourhood,

Among whom he wrought a good understanding;
 And when things went wrong or lame,
 Would stoop
 To set them on better footing.
 He was not linked to any party;
 Old and New
 Were equally his interest;
 He made a better world;
 And none in his station,
 Till age spread a rust over him,
 And death put out his fire,
 And here he laid his dust and ashes.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE ANTIQVARIAN CAMPDEN.

WILLIAM CAMPDEN,
 Clarenceux, King at Arms,
 Who illustrated the British antiquities
 With ancient truth
 And indefatigable industry,
 Adorned his innate simplicity with
 Useful literature,
 And improved his pleasantness of humour,
 With candour and sincerity,

Lies here,

In hopes of a certain resurrection in Christ.
 He died the 24th of November, 1623,
 Aged 74 years.

ON WALLER,

The following lines were hung on a branch of a venerable walnut-tree, which overshadows the burial place of the celebrated poet WALLER, in the church-yard at Beaconsfield, in Bucks : he died 1687, aged 82.

STRANGER, if virtue or if verse be dear,
 With pious caution pay thy visit here,
 Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
 Twice fifty summers underneath my shade,
 Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand
 To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand.
 Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
 A part of WALLER feeds my verdant bloom.
 Oh, spare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
 For in each leaf a part of him you save ;
 And on the fruits which clust'ring round me grow
 (A more than vulgar destiny below),
 Taste, but with reverence, kneeling at the shrine,
 So may'st thou eat, and Waller's Muse be thine ;
 A second tree of knowledge may I be,
 And unforbidden wisdom shine in thee.

BERMONDSEY, SURRY.

ON MR. WILLIAM PALIN,

Who died October 25, 1782, aged 36 years.

SILENT grave, to thee I trust
 This precious pile of worthy dust ;
 Keep it safe in the sacred tomb,
 Until a wife shall ask for room.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Sacred to the memory of

The Rev. SAMUEL LOVE, A. M.

Flow of Balliol College, Oxford, and one of the
r Canons of this Cathedral, who died the 18th
tober, 1773, aged 29.

By Hannah More.

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o poignant grief attends the sable bier;
when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
ep is the sorrow; genuine is the tear.

ger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
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friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
t those who know him, those who lov'd him,
speak.

let them in some pause of anguish say,
hat zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast:
soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
rom earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest.

This monument is erected
By some intimate friends of the deceased,
As a testimony
Of his worth, and their esteem.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

ON MARY,

*The wife of the Rev. W. Mason, who died March
27, 1767, aged 28.*

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which heav'n so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died: does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to
charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

STEPNEY.

ON WILLIAM WHEATLY,

Ob. November 10, 1683.

WHOEVER treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same do lie
Your honest friend, Will. Wheatly.

*rick of WHITE LADIES, near SOUTHAMPTON, and
at STOKE, near GUILFORD.*

THIS world is full of crooked streets;
Death is a place where all men meets :
If life were sold, that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die.

ALLERTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

NEATH the droppings of this spout,*
He lies the body, once so stout,

Of FRANCIS THOMPSON :

soul this carcase once possess'd
Rich for its virtue was caress'd
all who knew the owner best.
Rufford† records can declare,
actions, who, for seventy year,
he drew, and drank, its potent beer.
he mentions not, in all that time,
his great *butler* the least crime

To stain his reputation.

envy's self we now appeal,
right of fault she can reveal,

To make her declaration.

rest, good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear,
let virtue guard thy soul, thy body good strong
beer.

stone joins the south wall of the church, under one of the

ward Abbey was the seat of Sir George Sayville, Bart. in whose
a person had lived as *butler*.

Epitaph

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

To the memory of CATHERINE LAMY WALPOLE,
first wife of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards Earl
of Orford:

Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this
Monument.

She had beauty and wit, without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts without affectation.

She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the wife of a minister,

Whose power she esteem'd

But when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
Or to reward the meritorious.

She lov'd a private life;

Though born to shine in public, and was an

Ornament to courts,

Untainted by them.

She died August the 20th, 1737.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON GRACE SCOTT,

Who died February 24, 1645.

He that will give my Grace but what is left,

Must say her death has not

Made only her dear Scott,

But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widows

BERMONDSEY.

HERE lye the bodies of Matthew, Elizabeth,
Iary, and Elizabeth, son and daughters of Matthew
and Sarah Thomson, of Snow Fields.

FRIGHT and robbery was full sore,
Pain and affliction severe I bore;

Wait thou on God and keep his way,

He shall preserve thee then

The earth to rule, and thou shalt see it

Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Sacred to the memory of

MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

CLIVE'S blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,

Her moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.

In comic scenes the stage she early trod,

'Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feat'd his rod.'

In real life was equal praise her due,

Open to pity and to friendship too;

In wit still pleasing, as in converse free

From aught that could afflict humanity.

Her gen'rous heart to all her friends was known,

And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.

Content with fame, e'en affluence she wou'd,

To share with others what by toil she sav'd;

And, nobly bounteous, from her slender store

She bade two dear relations not be poor:

Such deeds, on life's short scenes true glory shed,

And heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE lieth T. S.

Who, whilst he liv'd, was *holly* employed
 In the service of his country;
 He had abilities for matters of weight,
 And, whatever came upon the anvil
 He turn'd to advantage;
 He was *dexterous* in *penetrating* into things;
 For few were so hard or so close
 But he would *scrape* unto them, and *pay thro'* them;
 He *showed* great strokes of his strong parts,
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 He soon *blew* them up,
 And was successful in *quenching*
 The red hot fury of those he had in hand:
 His station was an *imperial* one;
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 Of which he was master,
 And by making *vice* itself
Subservient to his work,
 He secured his *points*;
 And by hitting the *right nail on the head*,
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 And lived, with *Spirits*,
 In the *common way*:
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— — — — —

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And cultivated the arts without affectation.

She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the wife of a minister,

Whose power she esteem'd

But when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
Or to reward the meritorious.

She lov'd a private life;

Though born to shine in public, and was an

Ornament to courts,

Untainted by them.

She died August the 20th, 1737.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON GRACE SCOTT,

Who died February 24, 1645.

He that will give my Grace but what is here,
Must say her death has not
Made only her dear Scott,
But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widows

BERMONDSEY.

HERE lye the bodies of Matthew, Elizabeth,
y, and Elizabeth, son and daughters of Matthew
Sarah Thomson, of Snow Fields.

FRIGHT and robbery was full sore,
Pain and affliction severe I bore ;
Wait thou on God and keep his way,
He shall preserve thee then
The earth to rule, and thou shalt see
Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Sacred to the memory of

MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

It's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.
Comic scenes the stage she early trod,
nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Sincere life was equal praise her due,
kind to pity and to friendship too ;
Sweet still pleasing, as in converse free
Nothing aught that could afflict humanity.
Generous heart to all her friends was known,
e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wou'd,
bare with others what by toil she sav'd ;
Nobly bounteous, from her slender store
bade two dear relations not be poor :
In death on life's short scenes true glory shed,
heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON MR. JOHN GAY,

Written by himself.

LIFE is a jest, and all things shew it :
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Beneath are the following lines by POPE.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child ;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age ;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great ;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end :
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mixt with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

Here lie the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man ;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune ;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age,
And that equal serenity of mind,

BERMONDSEY.

HERE lye the bodies of Matthew, Elizabeth,
Mary, and Elizabeth, son and daughters of Matthew
and Sarah Thomson, of Snow Fields.

Fright and robbery was full sore,
Pain and affliction severe I bore;
Wait thou on God and keep his way,
He shall preserve thee then
The earth to rule, and thou shalt see
Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Sacred to the memory of
MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785, aged 75 years.
LIVE'S blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod."
A real life was equal praise her due,
Open to pity and to friendship too;
A wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From aught that could afflict humanity.
Her gen'rous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wav'd,
To share with others what by toil she sav'd;
And, nobly bounteous, from her slender store
He bade two dear relations not be poor:
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

Among whom he wrought a good understanding;
 And when things went wrong or lame,
 Would stoop

To set them on better footing.

He was not linked to any party;
 Old and New

Were equally his interest;

He made each worse in the world;

And none in his station.

Time spread a rust over him;

And death put out his fire,

And here are laid his dust and ashes.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE ANTIQUARIAN CAMPDEN.

WILLIAM CAMPDEN,

Clarendon King at Arms,
 Who illustrated the British antiquities

With ancient truth

And indefatigable industry,

Adorned his innate simplicity with

Useful literature,

And improved his pleasantness of humour,

With candour and sincerity,

Lies here,

In hopes of a certain resurrection in Christ.

He died the 9th of November, 1623,

Aged 74 years.

ON WALLER,

The following lines were hung on a branch of a venerable walnut-tree, which overshadows the burial place of the celebrated poet WALLER, in the church-yard at Beaconsfield, in Bucks : he died 1687, aged 82.

STRANGER, if virtue or if verse be dear,
 With pious caution pay thy visit here,
 Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
 Twice fifty summers underneath my shade,
 Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand
 To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand.
 Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
 A part of WALLER feeds my verdant bloom;
 Oh, spare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
 For in each leaf a part of him you save;
 And on the fruits which clust'ring round me grow
 (A more than vulgar destiny below),
 Taste, but with reverence, kneeling at the shrine,
 So may'st thou eat, and Waller's Muse be thine;
 A second tree of knowledge may I be,
 And unforbidden wisdom shine in thee.

BERMONDSEY, SURRY.

ON MR. WILLIAM PALIN,

Who died October 25, 1782, aged 36 years.

SILENT grave, to thee I trust
 This precious pile of worthy dust;
 Keep it safe in the sacred tomb,
 Until a wife shall ask for room.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Sacred to the memory of

THE REV. SAMUEL LOVE, A. M.

Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, and one of the
Minor Canons of this Cathedral, who died the 18th
of October, 1773, aged 29.

By Hannah More.

WHEN worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
The friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him,
speak.

Oh! let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast:
How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest.

This monument is erected
By some intimate friends of the deceased,
As a testimony
Of his worth, and their esteem.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

ON MARY,

*The wife of the Rev. W. Mason, who died March
27, 1767, aged 28.*

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which heav'n so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died: does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

STEPNEY.

ON WILLIAM WHEATLY,

Ob. November 10, 1683.

WHOEVER treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same do lie
Your honest friend, Will. Wheatly.

ish of *WHITE LADIES*, near *SOUTHAMPTON*, and
at *STOKE*, near *GUILFORD*.

This world is full of crooked streets;
Death is a place where all men meets :
If life were sold, that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die.

ALLERTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

EATH the droppings of this spout,*
e lies the body, once so stout,

Of FRANCIS THOMPSON :

oul this carcase once possess'd
ich for its virtue was caress'd
all who knew the owner best.
Rufford† records can declare,
actions, who, for seventy year,
h drew, and drank, its potent beer.
he mentions not, in all that time,
this great *butler* the least crime

To stain his reputation.

Envy's self we now appeal,
ught of fault she can reveal,

To make her declaration.

in rest, good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear,
y virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong
beer.

The stone joins the south wall of the church under one of the
its.

Rufford Abbey was the seat of Sir George Saville, Bart. in whose
by this person had lived as *butler*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

To the memory of CATHERINE LADY WALPOLE,
first wife of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards Earl
of Orford:

Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this
Monument.

She had beauty and wit, without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts without affectation.

She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the wife of a minister,

Whose power she esteem'd

But when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
Or to reward the meritorious.

She lov'd a private life;

Though born to shine in public, and was an

Ornament to courts,

Untainted by them.

She died August the 20th, 1737.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON GRACE SCOTT,

Who died February 24, 1645.

He that will give my Grace but what is here,

Must say her death has not

Made only her dear Scott,

But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widows

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y, and Elizabeth, son and daughters of Matthew
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Wait thou on God and keep his way,
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The earth to rule, and thou shalt see
Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Sacred to the memory of

MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

Her blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.
Comic scenes the stage she early trod,
nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod."
Real life was equal praise her due,
not to pity and to friendship too;
'Tis still pleasing, as in converse free
nothing aught that could afflict humanity.
generous heart to all her friends was known,
e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
content with fame, e'en affluence she wav'd,
happy with others what by toil she sav'd;
nobly bounteous, from her slender store
bade two dear relations not be poor:
deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

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ON MR. JOHN GAY,

Written by himself.

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Beneath are the following lines by POPE.

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In wit a man, simplicity a child ;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
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Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great ;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end :
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
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But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

Here lie the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,

The warmest friend,

The gentlest companion,

The most benevolent man ;

Who maintained

Independency

In low circumstances of fortune ;

Integrity

In the midst of a corrupt age,

And that equal serenity of mind,

Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of this life.

Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to ev'ry elegant art;
Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry,
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.

His works continue to inspire
What his example taught;
Contempt of folly, however adorn'd,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgrac'd.

Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of
Queensberry,
Who loved this excellent person living,
And respect him dead,
Caused this monument to be erected to his memory.
Died 1732.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE,

*Written by Paul Whitehead, Esq. Supposed to be
inscribed by the Hand of History.*

BRITON, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd:
Nor less, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease;

Long from thy life let kindred heroes trace
 Arts which ennoble still the noblest race;
 Others may owe their future fame to me,
 I borrow immortality from thee

John, Duke of Argyle,
 Born October 10th, 1680, died October 4th, 1743.
 In memory of an honest man,
 A constant friend,
 John the great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich,
 A general and an orator,
 Exceeded by none in the age he lived.

Sir Henry Fermor, Bart. by his last will, left the
 sum of five hundred pounds towards erecting this
 monument, and recommended the above instructions.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, SOUTH CROSS.

THOMAS PARR, of the county of Salop, born in
 1483 : he lived in the reign of ten princes, viz. King
 Edward IV. Edward V. Richard III. Henry VII.
 Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth,
 King James, and King Charles : died aged 152 years,
 and was buried here November 15th, 1635.

A very remarkable circumstance of this old man
 is, that at the age of 130, a prosecution was entered
 against him in the spiritual court for bastardy, and
 with such effect, that he did penance publicly in the
 church for that offence.

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

AT WESTERHAM, KENT, WHERE HE WAS BORN, 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th'auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

*On the North side of the area of Westminster Abbey
is a very beautiful cenotaph erected to the memory
of GENERAL WOLFE; in the front of which is the
following inscription.*

To the memory of
JAMES WOLFE,
Major-general and commander in chief
Of the British land forces
On an expedition against Quebec;
Who, after surmounting, by ability and valour
All obstacles of art and nature,
Was slain in the moment of victory,
On the 14th of September, 1759.
The king and parliament of Great Britain
Dedicate this monument.

In Westminster Abbey is a handsome cenotaph of white marble, erected to the memory of Mr. John Phillips, the celebrated poet, on which is his bust in relief, having on one side a laurel, and the other an apple tree, with this motto:

HONOS ERIT HUIUS QUOCUMQUE POMO.*

There is also a long Latin inscription, which may be thus Englished.

In the church of Hereford lies the body,
In this is erected the effigy;
And through all Britain is spread the fame,
Of JOHN PHILLIPS,
Who, esteemed by all good and learned men,
His immortal wit cultivated with various kinds of
Learning,
Adorned and embellished
With extraordinary candour of mind,
Plainness and sincerity of manners.
That early thirst of Knowledge,
Which, when a boy, seized him at Winchester,
He continually gratified while a student at
Christ Church:
In which seat of the Muses,
Fir'd by the curious performances of his
Fellow Collegians,
And intently familiar with the best of authors,
He attempted poetry in the English language,
Happily drawn from the Greek and Latin springs,
And well worthy an Attic or a Roman ear:
The jingle of verse in rhyme he gave up,

* This was prefixed to his poem on Cyder.

For this ancient, free, and various manner,
 Since and attempered to things themselves,
 Not always returning in the same round of measure,
 Nor meeting in the same close of sound.

In this single instance of fame he was second to
 Milton,

But in the first equal to him,
 Whenever he undertook to embellish any subject,
 Whether they were low, lofty, or middling,
 He both discovered and imitated
 Whatever was beautiful in others:
 To whatever subject he adapted his style,
 He was just in his expression and curiously inventive
 Of words.

O Chaucer, father and founder of
 English poetry,
 Grant him, tho' a bold deviator from thy ancient
 Law of rhyme,
 A place adjoining to thee;
 For surely he will not disgrace the chorus of bards
 On all sides encircling thy ashes.

Simon Harcourt, Knt.
 Who, (in regard he was valuable both for his
 Character and writings,)
 Was, whilst living, his encourager,
 After his death, in respectful remembrance of him,
 Hath erected this monument.

John Phillips, son of Stephen Phillips, D. D.
 Archdeacon of Salop, was born at Bampton, in Ox-
 'ordshire, December 30, 1676, died at Hereford,
 February 15, 1708.

To the memory of the unfortunate

BOSAVERN PENLEZ ;

Who finished a life, generally well reported of,
By a violent and ignominious death.

He was the son of a clergyman,
To whom he was indebted for an education, which
He so wisely improved,

As to merit the love and esteem

Of all who knew him.

But actuated by principles truly laudable
(When rightly directed and properly restrained,)

He was hurried by a zeal for his countrymen,

And an honest detestation of public stews

(The most certain bane of youth, and the disgrace
of Government),

To engage in an undertaking, which the most partial
cannot defend,

And yet the least candid must excuse.

For thus indeliberately mixing with rioters, whom

He accidentally met with,

He was condemned to die ;

And of 400 persons concerned in the same attempt,

He only suffered,

Tho' neither principal, nor contriver.

How well he deserved life, appears

From his generous contempt of it, in forbidding a
Rescue of himself.

And what returns he would have made to royal
Clemency,

Had it been extended to him, may be presumed
From his noble endeavours to prevent the least affront

To that power,

Which, though greatly importuned,
 Refused to save him :
 What was denied to his person, was paid to his ashes,
 By the inhabitants of St. Clement Danes,
 Who ordered him to be interred among their brethren;
 Defrayed the charges of his funeral,
 And thought no mark of pity or respect too much
 For this unhappy youth ;
 Whose death was occasioned by no other fault,
 But a too warm indignation for their sufferings.
 By his sad example, reader, be admonished
 Of the many ill consequences that attend an
 Intemperate zeal.
 Learn hence to respect the laws, even the
 Most oppressive :
 And think thyself happy under that government,
 That doth TRULY and INDIFFERENTLY administer
 justice,
 To the PUNISHMENT of WICKEDNESS AND VICE,
 And to the MAINTENANCE of GOD'S TRUE
 RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

ON MR. COOMBE,

*A Gentleman in Warwickshire, and noted for practising
 usury.*

By Shakespeare.

TEN in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
 'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd :
 If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
 Oh ! oh ! quoth the devil, 'tis my John o' Coombe.

ON TOM A COOMBE,

ALIAS THIN BEARD.

*Brother to the last mentioned, supposed also to be
written by Shakespeare.*

THIN in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse,
He went to the grave with many a nurse,
The devil and he had both one nurse.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE,

*Born in 1564, and died on his birth day, April 23d,
1616, having completed his 52d year, and lies
buried in the north aisle of the chancel in the great
church at Stratford on Avon, with the following
inscription, on a stone, supposed to be written by
himself.*

STAY, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakespeares, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

*And on his grave-stone underneath are these lines in
an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.*

Good friend, for JESUS sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

WHAT! is she dead? doth he survive?
 No: both are dead, and both alive!
 She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
 In him for her, yet dead, yet living;
 Both dead and living, then what is gone?
 One half of both, not any one;
 One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
 In life, in death they had, and still they have.

Amor conjugalis æternus.

ANNE GIBSON dyed 29 December, 1611.

NEWINGTON BUTTS, SURRY.

ON JANE EWINGS,

Who died May the 8th, 1781.

God made me and not myself; he created me for
 pleasure, and at his pleasure he has disposed of
 me; No one knows through what new scenes I
 must pass, and he will conduct me through them, so
 to answer the end of his providence; I resign
 myself in full confidence on that Sovereign Being,
 who is just and merciful to all his creatures, and say
 at my will, but thine be done.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the memory of

STEPHEN HALES, D. D.

Augusta, the mother of that best of kings, George the Third, has placed this monument; who chose him when living to officiate as her chaplain; and after he died, which was on the 4th of January, 1761, in the 84th year of his age, honoured him with this marble.

ABOUT the tomb of Hales, whose fair design
And polish great Augusta caus'd to shine,
Religion, hoary Faith, and Virtue wait,
And shed perpetual tears in mournful state.
But o'er the preacher, render'd to his clay,
The voice of wisdom still has this to say;
"He was a man to hear affliction's cry,
"And trace his Maker's works with curious eye.

"O Hales! thy praises not the latest age
"Shall e'er diminish, or shall blot thy page:
"England, so proud of Newton, shall agree,
"She has a son of equal rank in thee."

In the choir of the parish church of Hindlebach, in Switzerland, is an elegant monument to the memory of Madame LANGHANS, executed by John Augustus Nahl, late sculptor to the king of Prussia.

This lady, who was esteemed the greatest beauty in Switzerland, died in child-bed at Hindlebach, in the delivery of her first infant, at the age of twen-

Among whom he wrought a good understanding;
And when things went wrong or lame,

Would stoop
To set them on better footing.

He was not linked to any party;

Old and New

Were equally his interest;

He made a GREAT NOISE in the world;

And shone in his station;

Till age spread a rust over him,

And death put out his fire,

And here are laid his dust and ashes.

At New 2A

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE ANTIQUARIAN CAMPDEN.

WILLIAM CAMPDEN,

Clarendon King at Arms,

Who illustrated the British antiquities

With ancient truth

And indefatigable industry,

Adorned his innate simplicity with

Useful literature,

And improved his pleasantness of humour,

With candour and sincerity,

Lies here,

In hopes of a certain resurrection in Christ.

He died the 9th of November, 1623,

Aged 74 years.

if not a little sunk, and is closed in with two wooden doors, which are thrown open to such persons as are drawn to the place for the purpose of beholding it.

The following is a translation of the verses and inscription from the German, written by the celebrated M. DE HALLER.

HARK ! the majestic sound ! the trumpet hear !
 See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey !
 Oh God ! my Saviour ! 'tis thy voice I hear !
 And with my child, I come t' eternal day.
 Awake, my infant, open now thine eyes,
 Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth ;
 Arise, my child, to thy Redeemer rise,
 And taste at length the joy deny'd on earth.
 Before his face death must yield to life,
 Hope to real joy—there, purged from sins,
 Serenity succeeds to grief and strife,
 Time flies—eternity begins.

In this blessed hope,
 Sure that her Saviour will fulfil his promise,
 Reposes in this tomb,
 Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,
 MARY MAGDALEN WABER,
 Born the 8th day of August, 1723,
 And who departed this life on Easter eve, 1751,
 The wife of
 GEORGE LANGHANS,
 Preacher of the gospel at Hindlebanch.

A very neat engraving of the above is to be found in the first volume of the European Magazine

ON A WOMAN,
WHO HAD THREE HUSBANDS.

HERE lies the body of MARY SEXTONE,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one :
This she can't say beneath the next stone.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERC,

*Who, after many brave exploits, was killed fighting
for his country, before the Castle of Boccachica, in
the 31st year of his age, 1740.*

By Dr. Young.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep ;
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers mourn,
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerc's urn :
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, tho' immature his fate ;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living he mingled with his martial fires ;
Dying he bid Britannia's thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

Giving the command on the deck of the Prince Frederic, both his legs were shot off, but he would not suffer his wounds to be dressed till he had given orders to his first lieutenant to fight the ship to the last extremity, and soon after resigned his soul.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the memory of
 SIR CHARLES WAGER, Knight,
 Admiral of the White,
 First commissioner of the admiralty,
 And privy counsellor,
 A man of great natural talents ;
 He bore the highest commands,
 And passed thro' the greatest employments,
 With credit to himself and honour to his country :
 He was in private life
 Humane, temperate, just, and bountiful ;
 In public station
 Valiant, prudent, wise, and honest :
 Easy of access to all ;
 Plain and unaffected in his manners ;
 Steady and resolute in his conduct ;
 So remarkably happy in his presence of mind,
 That no danger ever discompos'd him :
 Esteem'd and favor'd by his king,
 Belov'd and honour'd by his country,
 He died May 24, 1743, aged 77.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON JOHN HOWARD,

Earl of Stafford.

His heart was as truly great and noble,
 As his high descent :
 Faithful to his God,
 A lover of his country,

A relation to relations,
 A detester of detraction,
 A friend to mankind.
 Naturally generous and compassionate,
 His liberality, and his charity to the poor,
 Were without bounds.
 We therefore piously hope, that at the last day
 His body will be received in glory
 Into the everlasting tabernacles,
 Being snatched away suddenly by death,
 Which he had long meditated; and expected with
 constancy:
 He went to a better life the 1st of April, 1562,
 Having lived 61 years, nine months, and six days.

The Countess Dowager, in testimony of her great
 affection, and respect to her lord's memory, has
 caused this monument to be placed here.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON PHILIP CARTERET.

*It must strike every one who views this tomb, is
 a fine figure of TIME, standing on an altar, and
 holding a scroll in his hand, whereon are written, in
 aphic verse, lines to the following import; which he
 supposed to be repeating.*

Time speaks.

WHY flows the mournful Muse's tear,
 For thee cut down in life's full prime?
 Why sighs for thee the parent dear,
 Cropt by the scythe of hoary Time?

To the memory of the unfortunate

BOSAVEBN PENLEZ ;

Who finished a life, generally well reported of,
By a violent and ignominious death.

He was the son of a clergyman,
To whom he was indebted for an education, which
He so wisely improved,
As to merit the love and esteem
Of all who knew him.

But actuated by principles truly laudable
(When rightly directed and properly restrained,)
He was hurried by a zeal for his countrymen,
And an honest detestation of public stews
(The most certain bane of youth, and the disgrace
of Government),
To engage in an undertaking, which the most partial
cannot defend,

And yet the least candid must excuse.
For thus indeliberately mixing with rioters, whom
He accidentally met with,
He was condemned to die ;
And of 400 persons concerned in the same attempt,
He only suffered,

Tho' neither principal, nor contriver.
How well he deserved life, appears
From his generous contempt of it, in forbidding a
Rescue of himself.

And what returns he would have made to royal
Clemency,
Had it been extended to him, may be presumed
From his noble endeavours to prevent the least affront
To that power,

Which, though greatly importuned,
 Refused to save him :
 What was denied to his person, was paid to his ashes,
 By the inhabitants of St. Clement Danes,
 Who ordered him to be interred among their brethren;
 Defrayed the charges of his funeral,
 And thought no mark of pity or respect too much
 For this unhappy youth ;
 Whose death was occasioned by no other fault,
 But a too warm indignation for their sufferings.
 By his sad example, reader, be admonished
 Of the many ill consequences that attend an
 Intemperate zeal.
 Learn hence to respect the laws, even the
 Most oppressive ;
 And think thyself happy under that government,
 That doth TRULY and INDIFFERENTLY administer
 justice,
 To the PUNISHMENT of WICKEDNESS AND WICK,
 And to the MAINTENANCE of GOD'S TRUE
 RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

ON MR. COOMBE,

*A Gentleman in Warwickshire, and noted for practising
 usury.*

By Shakespeare.

TEN in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
 'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd :
 If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
 Oh ! oh ! quoth the devil, 'tis my John o' Coombe.

ON TOM A COOMBE,

ALIAS THIN BEARD.

*Brother to the last mentioned, supposed also to be
written by Shakespeare.*

THIN in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse,
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The devil and he had both one nurse.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE,

*Born in 1564, and died on his birth day, April 23d,
1616, having completed his 52d year, and lies
buried in the north aisle of the chancel in the great
church at Stratford on Avon, with the following
inscription, on a stone, supposed to be written by
himself.*

STAY, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

*And on his grave-stone underneath are these lines in
an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.*

Good friend, for JESUS sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

WHAT! is she dead? doth he survive?
 No: both are dead, and both aliye!
 She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
 In him for her, yet dead, yet living;
 Both dead and living? then what is gone?
 One half of both, not any one;
 One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
 In life, in death they had, and still they have.

Amor conjugal is æternus.

ANNE GIBSON dyed 29 December, 1611.

NEWINGTON BUTTS, SURRY.

ON JANE EWINGS,

Who died May the 8th, 1781.

God made me and not myself; he created me for
 pleasure, and at his pleasure he has disposed of
 me; he alone knows through what new scenes I
 must pass, and he will conduct me through them, so
 to answer the end of his providence; I resign
 myself in full confidence on that Sovereign Being,
 who is just and merciful to all his creatures, and say
 at my will, but thine be done.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Between Shakespeare and Rowe is a handsome monument to the memory of

JAMES THOMSON,

Ætatis 48, Obiit 27 August, 1748.

Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry exalts her voice to
ages, and informs the page with music, image, senti-
ment, and thought, never to die!

This monument was erected 1762.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the memory of

MARY HOPE,

Who died at Brockhall, in the county of North-
ampton, on the 25th of June, 1767, aged 25, and
whose remains lie in the neighbouring church at
Norton. This stone, an unavailing tribute of af-
fliction, is by her husband erected and inscribed.

Tho' low in earth, her beauteous form decay'd,
My faithful wife, my lov'd MARIA's laid,
In sad remembrance the afflicted raise
No pompous tomb inscrib'd with venal praise;
To statesmen, warriors, and to kings belong
The trophied sculpture and the poet's song;
And these the proud expiring often claim,
Their wealth bequeathing, to record their name.
But humble virtue, stealing to the dust,
Heeds not our lays or monumental bust.

To name her virtues ill befits my grief;
 What was my bliss can now give no relief;
 A husband mourns—the rest let friendship tell,
 Fame spread her worth—a husband knew it well.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On the left hand of Shakespeare's monument is a very neat marble tablet with this inscription, written by William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat.

To the memory
 of
 MRS. PRITCHARD.

This tablet is here placed by a voluntary subscription of those who admired and esteemed her. She retired from the stage, of which she had long been the ornament, in the month of April, 1768, and died at Bath, in the month of August following, in the 57th year of her age.

HER comic vein had ev'ry charm to please,
 'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's ease;
 E'en when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
 Full, clear, and just, th' harmonious accents flow'd;
 And the big passions of her feeling heart
 Burst faeely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
 Oft on the scene, with colours not her own,
 She painted vice, and taught us what to shun;
 One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,
 That nobler part was uniformly good;
 Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
 That if the precepts fail'd th' example taught.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

POET'S CORNER.

On the right hand of Shakespeare's is a very handsome monument, with the following inscription.

To the memory of
NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Who died in 1710, aged 45; and of Charlotte his only daughter, wife of Henry Fane, Esq. who, inheriting her father's spirit, and amiable in her own innocence and beauty, died in the 23d year of her age, 1739.

Beneath is the following epitaph, by Alexander Pope, Esq.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh! skill'd next him to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere,
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd.

To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless mother, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

ON A WOMAN,
 WHO HAD THREE HUSBANDS.
 HERE lies the body of MARY SEXTONE,
 who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one:
 she can't say beneath the next stone.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
 LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERC,
*After many brave exploits, was killed fighting
 in country, before the Castle of Boccachica, in
 the 1st year of his age, 1740.*

By Dr. Young.

Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
 none shall compel the brave to weep;
 as Britons, and as soldiers mourn,
 fearless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerc's urn:
 were his manners, as his soul was great,
 and his worth, tho' immature his fate;
 under grace that joy and love inspires,
 he mingled with his martial fires;
 he bid Britannia's thunder roar,
 when still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

gave the command on the deck of the Prince Fre-
 oth his legs were shot off, but he would not
 his wounds to be dressed till he had given or-
 der to his first lieutenant to fight the ship to the last
 y, and soon after resigned his soul.

A soldier, seaman, statesman, here he lies ;
 No heart more honest, and no head more wise.
 Tho' brave, yet gentle ; tho' sincere, not rude ;
 Justice in camps, in courts he truth pursued,
 Living, he rais'd a deathless, spotless name ;
 And dying, soar'd above the reach of fame.

Reader, if English, stop the falling tears !
 Grief should not wait on him who felt no fears ;
 He wants no pity : could his ashes speak,
 These gen'rous sounds would from the marble break,
 " Go, serve thy country, while God spares thee
 breath,
 " Live as I liv'd, and so deserve my death."

BERMONDSEY, SURRY.

ON ELIZABETH SELBY,

Who died April 10th, 1792, aged 48.

SHE was the good Samaritan, thro' wet and cold,
 To dress their wounds ; when they could not walk to
 get support,
 She set them on their legs, to work for bread ;
 For her good skill and good will, she was us'd ill,
 For sense, and grace, and good works ; true in
 the gospel of Christ and his church, she sleeps
 in peace, releas'd from pain, and all her cares
 are at an end, and now she lies beneath the
 Earth untill the rising of the just.

BERMONDSEY, SURRY.

ON WILL. WYLDE,

*Needle maker to her Majesty Queen Charlotte, died
October 26, 1770, aged 53.*

MAN wants but little, nor that little long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him but for one hour.

ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT, LEADENHALL-STREET.

MRS. ELIZ. FORSTEEN,

Who died February 6, 1795, aged 77.

Of manners mild,—to all who knew her dear,
The tender mother,—best of friends lies here ;
Whose darling wish was,—Comfort to impart,
To cheer the drooping,—sooth the aching heart ;
Candour and meekness shone in all she said,
Peace bless'd her life, and smooth'd her dying bed ;
—Dearest of mothers ! best of friends, farewell !
May this plain stone a son's affection tell ;
Thro' life thy virtues were his joy and pride,
In death his best example and his guide ;
Our social cares and hopes, alas ! are o'er,
Thy love maternal cheers this heart no more.

IN ST. EDMUND'S THE KING, LONDON.

RICHARD NORDELL lyeth bury'd here,
 Somtym of London, citizen and drapier ;
 And MARGERIE his Wyf, of her Progenie,
 Return'd to Erth and so sall ye :
 Of the Erth we were made and formed,
 And to the erth we been returned ;
 Have yis in mynd and memorie,
 Ye yat liven lerneth to dy ;
 And beholdyth here your Destine,
 Such as ye erane, somtym weren we ;
 Ye sall be dyght, in yis aray,
 Be ye nere so stout and gay ;
 Therfor frendys, we yow prey,
 Make yow redy for to dey ;
 Yatt ye be not forr Sinn atteynt,
 At ye Dey of Judgment.
 Man the bekovyth oft to have yis in mynd,
 Yat thow geveth wyth yin hand yat sall thow fynd ;
 For Widowes be slofull, and Children beth unkind,
 Executors be covetos, and kep al yat they fynd,
 I eny body ask wher ye Deddy's Goodys becam, Ye
 ansqueare,
 So God me help and Halidam, he died a pore Man.
 Yink on yis.

 ON THE PARSON

OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

COME, let us rejoyce, merry boys, at his fall,
 For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us all.

ON THE CLERK OF THE SAME.

HERE lies, within this tomb so calm,
 Old Giles ; pray sound his knell ;
 Who thought no song was like a psalm,
 No music like a bell.

*On one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey,
 by Pope. Said to be intended for himself.*

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will ;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head ;
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, nor still cares a pin,
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within :
 But who, living, and dying, serene, still, and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

ON THE MARQUIS OF WINCHELSEA.

By Dryden.

HE who in pious times undaunted stood,
 And 'midst rebellion dar'd be just and good ;
 Whose arms asserted and whose suff'rings more
 Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before ;
 Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince,
 For what his earthly could not recompense :
 Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
 Or if this happen, learn true honour here.

ST. MARGARET, WESTMINSTER.

HERE lyeth *Walter Garden*, come out of the *West*:
 God geev to the soul of hym good rest :
 I prey you, negbors, everich on
 Prey for me, for I am gon.

Obiit 26 April, 1523.

ON OLD SCARLET, THE SEXTON,

In Peterborough Cathedral. Above the epitaph is his picture: he is represented holding the keys of the cathedral in one hand, a shovel in another, a skull and mattock under his feet. The inscription is—

You see old Scarlet's picture stand on hie,
 But at your feete there does his body lie ;
 His graue stone doth his age,* and death tyme show,
 His office by their tokens you may know.
 Second to none for strength and sturdye limb,
 A scarbabe mighty voice, and visage grim.
 Hee had interr'd two queens† within this place,
 And this towne's householders in his life's space
 Twice over ; but at length his one turn came ;
 What he for others did, for him the same
 Was done: No doubt his soule does live for aye
 In heaven, tho' his body's clad in clay.

* Aged 95 (others, according to Hacket, 98) ob. July 2, 1594, R. S.

† Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife to Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Westminster.

ON KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

By Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.

THIS marble boasts what once was truly great,
 The friend of man, the father of the state.
 To check Ambition, in its wild career,
 To wipe from Misery's eye the starting tear ;
 By well-plann'd laws Oppression to control ;
 By kindest deeds to captivate the soul ;
 Stern Justice' sword to guide with Mercy's hand,
 And guard the freedom of a glorious land ;
 These were his arts—these heav'n approv'd, and shed
 Unnumber'd blessings on his hoary head.
 Forc'd into arms, he stretch'd his generous sway
 Wide as the sun extends his genial ray,
 Yet saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
 The smiles of peace amidst the rage of war ;
 Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
 And floods of wealth flow in from either pole :
 Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
 Saw Science raise her venerable head ;
 Whilst at his feet expiring Faction lay,
 No contest left but who should best obey :
 Saw in his offspring all himself renew'd,
 The same fair path of glory still pursu'd ;
 Saw to young GEORGE, AUGUSTA's cares impart
 What'er could raise or humanize the heart,
 Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
 And form their mingled radiance for the THRONE.
 No further blessings could on earth be giv'n ;
 The next degree of happiness was—HEAVEN.

The following epitaph, on a traveller, appeared lately in that entertaining monthly miscellany the Universal Magazine.

“THE evil that men do lives after them ; the good is often interred with their bones.”

Here resteth the body of

THOMAS BATTYE,*

Late of Manchester,
Who died on a journey through Scotland,
May 3d, 1793, aged 30.

This stone was placed here

By an acquaintance,
Who, after examining the *debts* and *credits*
Of his cash account,

Found a small balance in his favour.

His sickness was short,

And, being a stranger, he was not troubled in his last
moments with the sight of weeping friends,

But died at an inhospitable inn,

With the consent of all around him.

He left no mourner here,

Save a favourite mare ; which,

(If the account of an ostler may be credited)

Neither ate nor drank during his indisposition.

READER !

Little will be said to perpetuate his memory ;

The fact is—he died poor :

The whole he left behind, would not buy paper

Sufficient to paint half his virtues ;

* Mr. Battye's father was formerly deputy constable of Manchester, and his brother is now a performer at the Carlisle Theatre.

His chief mourner was sold by public roup,
 To pay the expences of an overgrown landlord,
 And an half-starved apothecary.
 His bags at once contained
 His *wardrobe, patterns, and library* ;
 Consisting of
Two neckcloths and a clean shirt ;
 With samples of
Fringes, laces, lines, and tassels, whips, webs,
and whalebone.
 Also the following curious collection of books :
 A volume of manuscript poetry,
 (The offspring of his own muse)
 Matrimonial magazines,
 Ovid's Art of Love—The Whole Duty of Man, and
 Plato on the Immortality of the Soul.
 In a snug pocket,
 Lay an Aberdeen note for five pounds,
 And an unfinished love letter.
 The latter evinced an eager desire of a
 Speedy marriage ;
 For though his *family* face was an
 Index of an hardened and unforgiving temper,
 It was at last approved
 By the object of his affection.
 And if death had spared him, though
 Nature had been unkind,
 He might have lived to have improved an
 Ill-favoured stock.
 The affability of his manners,
 And the susceptibility of his heart, gave
 Appearances the lie :
 His sympathetic feelings for distress
 Were eminently displayed through life :

His attachment to the fair sex was notorious;
 To whom he was so tenderly attentive,
 That the story of a rude embrace would have caused
 The "tear of sensibility" to
 Trickle from his eye.*

He was ever happy in doing good,
 And his liberality bountifully extended to
 The unfortunate part of the sex,
 Whom he always relieved to the utmost of
 His power.

He was, justly speaking,
 A friend to *all*;
 And an enemy to none but *himself*.
 BROTHER TRAVELLER,
 STOP,

And reflect a moment

On the uncertainty of this life!
 Five days are not yet passed, since he

Drank with glee,
 The well-known bumper toast;

He little thought it was
 His farewell tribute to every earthly pleasure!
 But his last journey being o'er,

There is now
 No riding double stages to make up lost time;
 Nor boxing *Harry*

To make up his cash account.
 Who knows but *Harry* may now be boxing him?

The final balance
 Of the good and evil of his life

Is now stricken;
 And here he rests in hope,

* He had only one.

That it may be found to his *credit* on the
JUDGMENT DAY.
In the grand ledger of
EVERLASTING HAPPINESS!

ON CORINNA.

By Peter Pindar.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once ; but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain ;
Here lies what was *beauty* ; but pluck'd was its rose,
And flung like a weed to the plain.

O ! Pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of *art* ;
E'en Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah ! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all nature the God :
Lo ! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the lily will bloom on her sod.

ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

HERE lies Thomas Huddleston. Reader, don't smile !
But reflect, as this tomb-stone you view,
That death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will *huddle* a stone upon you.

BRISTOL.

ON MRS. ELIZABETH MOODY.

FAIR was her form, more fair her gentle mind,
 Where virtue, sense, and piety combin'd :
 To wedded love, gave friendship's highest zest,
 Endear'd the wife, and made the husband blest.
 Now widow'd grief erects this sacred stone,
 To make her virtues and his sorrows known ;
 Reader, if thine the sympathetic tear,
 O stay, and drop the tender tribute here !

ON THOMAS LOCK,

*A Fisherman of East-Bourne, who was too fond of a
 liquor called Moonshine.*

YE men of *East-Bourne*, and the neighbouring shore,
 Bewail your loss ! *Tom Lock*—he is no more !
 Where will ye find a man of equal parts,
 Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts ?
 Equally skilful, if at land or sea,
 And to behold a perfect prodigy.
 His neck distended to uncommon size,
 His croaking voice, and then his swollen eyes
 Were such true emblems of the life he led,
 You'll not much wonder that he now lies dead.
 'Twas *moonshine* brought him to this fatal end,
 Not one dark night did e'er poor *Tom* befriend !
 In vain for him did Sol his light display,
 'Twas *moonshine* either night or day.

ON COWPER, THE POET.

HERE, where thought no more devours,
 Rests the poet and the man ;
 Life, with all its subtle powers,
 Ending where it first began.
 Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
 Weep thee o'er his death awhile :
 If thine eye would still be clear,
 Think upon his life, and smile.

ON THE SAME.

By Hayley.

YE who with warmth, the public triumph feel
 Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name ;
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise,
 So clear a title to affection's praise ;
 His highest honours to the heart belong ;
 His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

I, Sir John Trollop,
 Made these stones roll up ;
 When God shall take my soul up,
 My body shall fill that hole up.

ST. MARGARET, WESTMINSTER.

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† Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife to Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Westminster.

ON A DRAMATIST,

Who was a plagiarist and a notorious liar.

Here lies——

In truth you'll find beneath this ground
One who ne'er yet *in truth* was found.
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,
For always lying, none believed.
But, strange!
By Fate dispatch'd without his fill,
Below the dog is *lying still*.

IN BIDDEFORD CHURCH-YARD,

DEVON.

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

ON DEAN SWIFT.

By R. Betterworth, Esq.

He lies one *Swift*, one *Harley's* master-tool,
A thrift of wit, who died at length a fool;
O, for his jest, ne'er spar'd or friend or foes;
Gone—but where—the Lord of *Oxford* knows.

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And the susceptibility of his heart, gave
Appearances the lie :

His sympathetic feelings for distress
Were eminently displayed through life :

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the memory of

STEPHEN HALES, D. D.

Augusta, the mother of that best of kings, George the Third, has placed this monument; who chose him when living to officiate as her chaplain; and after he died, which was on the 4th of January, 1761, in the 84th year of his age, honoured him with this marble.

ABOUT the tomb of Hales, whose fair design
And polish great Augusta caus'd to shine,
Religion, hoary Faith, and Virtue wait,
And shed perpetual tears in mournful state.
But o'er the preacher, render'd to his clay,
The voice of wisdom still has this to say;
"He was a man to hear affliction's cry,
"And trace his Maker's works with curious eye.
"O Hales! thy praises not the latest age
"Shall e'er diminish, or shall blot thy page:
"England, so proud of Newton, shall agree,
"She has a son of equal rank in thee."

In the choir of the parish church of Hindlebach, in Switzerland, is an elegant monument to the memory of Madame LANGHANS, executed by John Augustus Nahl, late sculptor to the king of Prussia.

This lady, who was esteemed the greatest beauty in Switzerland, died in child-bed at Hindlebach, in the delivery of her first infant, at the age of twen-

To the memory of

FRANCES SOAME,

Who died January 3d, 1772, aged 5 months and
2 days.

THE cup of life just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest;
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sigh'd her little soul away.

F. SOAME, 1772.

ON WILLIAM RICH,

Of Lydeard Close.

BENEATH this stone in sound repose,
Lies William Rich, of Lydeard Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand-children five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

ERE lies a fat parson, who, free from all care,
am'd, tipp'd, and sported with brown and with
fair:
e, in doubt of aught good, in next world he should
know;
[ade prudently sure of the good things below.

if not a little sunk, and is closed in with two wooden doors, which are thrown open to such persons as are drawn to the place for the purpose of beholding it.

The following is a translation of the verses and inscription from the German, written by the celebrated M. DE HALLER.

HARK ! the majestic sound ! the trumpet hear !
 See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey !
 Oh God ! my Saviour ! 'tis thy voice I hear !
 And with my child, I come t' eternal day.
 Awake, my infant, open now thine eyes,
 Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth ;
 Arise, my child, to thy Redeemer rise,
 And taste at length the joy deny'd on earth.
 Before his face death must yield to life,
 Hope to real joy—there, purged from sins,
 Serenity succeeds to grief and strife,
 Time flies—eternity begins.

In this blessed hope,
 Sure that her Saviour will fulfil his promise,
 Reposes in this tomb,
 Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,
 MARY MAGDALEN WABER,
 Born the 8th day of August, 1723,
 And who departed this life on Easter eve, 1751,
 The wife of
 GEORGE LANGHANS,
 Preacher of the gospel at Hindlebranch.

A very neat engraving of the above is to be found
 in the first volume of the European Magazine

ON DR. JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M. D.

By the Rev. T. Maurice.

ON virtuous Lettsom, in his manly bloom,
 Resistless Death's eternal shades descend ;
 While kindred love and friendship round his tomb
 In speechless agony distracted bend.

Ah ! what avails above the vulgar throng,
 To rise in genius, or in worth to soar ;
 Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
 The bubble bursts, and life's gay dream is o'er.

In every stage of varying life approv'd,
 And still of toiling want the constant friend,
 He pass'd his transient day, admir'd, belov'd ;
 All prais'd him living, all bemoan his end.

From heaven's high throne the Almighty sire look'd
 down,
 Well pleas'd to view such worth below the skies ;
 He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
 And bade his soul quit earth for Paradise.

ON WOOLLETT,

THE CELEBRATED ENGRAVER.

ENGRAV'D by genius on the human heart,
 Woollett thy works shall stand without a stain ;
 And, tho' the great original is gone,
 The first impression ever shall remain.

*Inscription on the Pillar near the Western Door of the
Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Limerick.*

MEMENTO MORI.

Here lieth little Samuel Barrington, that great undertaker,

Of famous cities, clock and-chime maker ;
He made his own time to go early and later,
But now he's return'd to God, his Creator ;
The 19th November then he ceas'd,
And for his memory, this is here plac'd.

BY HIS SON BEN, 1693.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF

EGG BUCKLAND, DEVONSHIRE.

YE few who here, by contemplation led,
Inspect the story of the silent dead ;
Who o'er the early and the aged bier
Alike can drop the sympathetic tear ;
Survey this stone, and pay the tribute due
To those who once could think and feel like you.
Free from reproach, their course of life they ran,
Resign'd to God, benevolent to man,
Truth, honesty, and virtue fill'd each soul,
Glow'd in each breast, and rul'd without control.
Tho' from those breasts the spark of life is fled,
Tho' now their bodies rest among the dead,
From their cold mansion freed, their souls will rise
To life that wakes for ever in the skies.

A relation to relations,
A detester of detraction,
A friend to mankind.

Naturally generous and compassionate,
His liberality, and his charity to the poor,
Were without bounds.

We therefore piously hope, that at the last day

His body will be received in glory

Into the everlasting tabernacles,

Being snatched away suddenly by death,

Which he had long meditated, and expected with
constancy :

He went to a better life the 1st of April, 1562,
Having lived 61 years, nine months, and six days.

The Countess Dowager, in testimony of her great
affection, and respect to her lord's memory, has
caused this monument to be placed here.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON PHILIP CARTERET.

*What must strike every one who views this tomb, is
the fine figure of TIME, standing on an altar, and
holding a scroll in his hand, whereon are written, in
Saphic verse, lines to the following import ; which he
is supposed to be repeating.*

Time speaks.

WHY flows the mournful Muse's tear,
For thee cut down in life's full prime ?
Why sighs for thee the parent dear,
Cropt by the scythe of hoary Time ?

Below this turf a man doth lie—on a dyer,	84
Barrington, Admiral—Skrivenham, Berks,	85
Birch, George,	81
Bond, Thomas, and his wife—Horsleydown church, Cumberland,	34
Brown, Richard—who hanged himself,	84
Brimless, John—St. Mary's chapel, Durham,	46
Beneath the covert of this spreading shade,	48
Burton, William, comedian—Hinckley,	54
Braithwaite, William—whitesmith of St. Albans, Herts,	68
Beneath this stone lies my wife Jane,	68
Beneath one tomb here sleep two faithful friends,	68
Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras—St. Paul's, Covent-Garden,	80
—In Westminster Abbey,	87
Baskerville, John, the celebrated printer—Birmingham,	87
Bonnet, Mrs. Elizabeth,	88
Brewer, Samuel—St. Alphage, London Wall,	88
Bell, Jane—Upwell church, Norfolk,	88
Bennett, Mary—Pancras,	116
Bridgeman, Sir John,	119
Bode, the venerable—Durham Abbey,	124
Bridger, Samuel—Gloucester cathedral,	128
Batchelor, Nell—the pyewoman of Oxford,	132
Blanch, Sir Thomas—St. Mary Hill, London,	134
Birch, Baron—St. Giles's in the Fields,	146
Bayly, James—Stepney,	146
Berry, Rebecca—Stepney,	146
Billings, William—an old soldier,	168
Beneath this rugged monument—on a beautiful child,	168
Bacon, William—Lambeth,	168
Butler, Dr.—Bishop of Durham,	178
Bunbury, William, Esq.—of Hadleigh, Suffolk,	182
Beard, John—the celebrated comedian,	184
Bourke, Elizabeth—Pancras,	192
Boundy, Agnes—St. Mary, Whitechapel,	208
Booth, Barton, Esq.—Poets corner, Westminster Abbey,	212
Beauclerc, Lord Aubrey,	242

ON A DRAMATIST,

Who was a plagiarist and a notorious liar.

HERE lies——

In truth you'll find beneath this ground
One who ne'er yet *in truth* was found.
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,
For always lying, none believed.

But, strange!

By Fate dispatch'd without his *fin*,
Below the dog is *lying* STILL.

IN BIDDEFORD CHURCH-YARD,

DEVON.

THE wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

ON DEAN SWIFT.

By R. Betterworth, Esq.

HERE lies one *Swift*, one *Harley's* master-tool,
Endthrift of wit, who died at length a fool;
ho, for his jest, ne'er spar'd or friend or foes;
he's gone—but where—the Lord of *Oxford* knows.

ON TOM A COOMBE,

ALIAS THIN BEARD.

*Brother to the last mentioned, supposed also to be
written by Shakespeare.*

THIN in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse,
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The devil and he had both one nurse.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE,

*Born in 1564, and died on his birth day, April 23d,
1616, having completed his 52d year, and lies
buried in the north aisle of the chancel in the great
church at Stratford on Avon, with the following
inscription, on a stone, supposed to be written by
himself.*

STAY, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

*And on his grave-stone underneath are these lines in
an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.*

Good friend, for JESUS sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

WHAT! is she dead? doth he survive?
 No: both are dead, and both alive!
 She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
 In him for her, yet dead, yet living;
 Both dead and living! then what is gone?
 One half of both, not any one;
 One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
 In life, in death they had, and still they have.

Amor conjugal is æternus.

ANNE GIBSON dyed 29 December, 1611.

NEWINGTON BUTTS, SURRY.

ON JANE EWINGS,

Who died May the 8th, 1781.

God made me and not myself; he created me for
 his pleasure, and at his pleasure he has disposed of
 me; he alone knows through what new scenes I
 must pass, and he will conduct me through them, so
 as to answer the end of his providence; I resign
 myself in full confidence on that Sovereign Being,
 who is just and merciful to all his creatures, and say
 not my will, but thine be done.

Fair marble, tell to future days,	141
Faria, Dorothea Dias de—Pancras,	145
From Marie's teares, to Marie's joy,	150
Foote, Mr.—the actor,	152
Fontanges Madame de—Mistress of the King of France,	161
Farewell, vain world! I've seen enough of thee,	166
Fairborne, Sir Palmes—by Dryden,	164
Frampton, Mary—by Dryden,	166
Forsteen, Elizabeth,	168

G.

Good passenger stay not to ask what's my name,	6
Garrick, David, Esq.—Westminster Abbey,	8
Goad, Mr.—Go add this verse to Goad's horse,	40
Greenwood, Mrs.—Devonshire,	68
Grieve not for me my dearest dear,	88
Goodwin, Ann—St. Paul's, Shadwell,	94
Gray, Katherine—an old woman at Chester,	156
Grastless galant, in all thy lustre and pryde,	154
Grove, Lucy—Lichfield cathedral,	16
Granville, Sir Bevil—Lansdown Hill, near Bath,	163
Gray, Robert—St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton,	164
Goodwin, Rev. William—by himself,	219
Gay, John, the poet—Westminster Abbey,	228
Gibson, Anne—St. Albans, Wood Street,	237
Garden, Walter—St. Margaret, Westminster,	256
George, King, the Second—by Dr. Porteus,	257

H.

Here mould'ring in the cold embrace of death,	4
Havard, the comedian—by Garrick,	16
Hurst, Joseph Souter,	5
Harrison, Anna—Easingwoud,	7
Hogarth—by Dr. Johnson,	9
Hope, Robert—St. Giles's in the Fields,	13
Hampton, William—Lee, Essex,	15

Hale, Bernald—by Garrick,	17
Handel,	27
Hare, Mr.—by the Duchess of Devonshire,	40
Hoare, Dr.—late principal of Jesus College, Oxford, ..	42
Howe, Howe, who is here? I Robin of Doncastere,	60
Here lies a man, as God shall me save,	61
Hare, Lucy—Tonge, Shropshire,	ib.
Hookes, Nicholas—Conway, Caernarvonshire,	64
Hiseland, William—a Chelsea pensioner,	74
Here lies the great; false marble, tell me where?	76
House, Sam—St. Paul's, Covent Garden,	85
Hinchliff, Benjamin William—in the same,	88
Here rests that just and pious Jane,	95
Here lie I, killed by a sky rocket in my eye,	97
Hippesly, John—the comedian—Clifton, Gloucester- shire,	ib.
Hamilton, Mr.—by Cowper,	99
Honeywood, Michael, D. D.—Lincoln Cathedral,	112
Heyrick, John—St. Martin's, Leicester,	118
Here lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,	119
Here lies an honest <i>Cobler</i> , whom curst fate,	120
Halkett, Sir Peter, of Pitsirrane, Bart.,	122
Here lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,	126
Here lies the quintessence of noise and strife,	128
Hill, Aaron, on his wife,	131
Hare, on one named—Wrexham church-yard,	137
Harrison, Augustine—Cumberland,	ib.
Hall, Thomas—a surprising boy at Wellingham,	140
Hartland, Sarah,	141
Henley, Christopher—Stepney,	144
Hall, Master—Canterbury cloisters,	160
Humble, Richard—St. Saviour's, Southwark,	162
Howe, Brigadier-General Lord,	165
Here lies interr'd, beneath these stones,	168
Harcourt, Honourable Simon—by Pope,	175
Hewet, John, and Mary Drew—by Pope,	183
Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,	198
Howdon, Eliz.—Bermondsey,	205
Hollis, Francis—by his father, the Earl of Clare,	206

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie,	208
Hill, John—a profligate mathematician,	214
Here resteth John 'midst other clay,	218
Here lieth T.—S,— who while he liv'd,	220
Halca, Stephen—Westminster Abbey,	228
Howard, John, Earl of Stafford,	244
Hope, Mary—Westminster Abbey,	248
Here lies within this tomb so calm,	255
Huddleston, Thomas,	261
Here lies a fat parson, who free from all care,	269
Here I lie, without the church door,	270

I. & J.

Inscription—a curious one, in Wales,	12
Jones, Thomas,	23
Initials just, for well ye shew,	25
Jepson, Zachary—Rippon church yard,	27
Johnson, Dr. Samuel,	54, 55, 56, 57
In days of yore here Amphill's towers were seen,	65
Jenkins, Henry—Bolton, Yorkshire,	75
In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains,	104
Jones, Joseph—Wolverhampton church,	111
Jones, David—clerk of Wrexham,	138
I lived as I liked,	139
Jepson, William—Abbey Church, Bath,	150
Jones, Sir William—by the Duchess of Devonshire,	207

K.

Keeling, William—Carisbrook, Isle of Wight,	46
Kohl, Lord George Ernest de—Tungernund, in Ger- many,	129
Knight, William—Stepney,	149
Kneller, Sir Godfrey—Westminster Abbey,	219

L.

Lyar, on one,	2
Life is at best but like a winter's day,	3

Lapus, Hugh, Earl of Chester,	49
Lamb, on a butcher of that name,	62
Layton, Alexander—St. Dunstan's in the West, London,	66
Langley, Charles, ale brewer—St. Giles's, Cripplegate,	80
Lewin, Lewis—Stoke Newington, Middlesex,	85
How she lies in the dust,	90
Lambe, Edward—East Bergholt, Suffolk,	101
Life is only pain below,	107
Leicester, Earl of—from an old manuscript,	109
Littleton, Anne—Temple church,	153
Lackington, the celebrated bookseller—by himself,	155
Lamented shade, if in the silent grave,	157
Lockyer, Dr.—St. Saviour's, Southwark,	164
Lawrence, William—Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, ...	205
Love, Rev. Samuel—Bristol cathedral,	223
Langhans, Madame—Hindlebanch, Switzerland,	238
Fock, Thomas—a fisherman,	262
Pettson, Dr. John Miers,	271

M.

Many an holy text around she shews,	64
More, Mr.—St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf,	66
Monk, Elizabeth—Bromley, Kent,	78
Merryfield, Richard—St. Paul's, Covent Garden,	81
Monsey, Dr. Messenger—by Peter Pindar,	87
Man's life is like a winter's day,	92
Maxwell, Andrew—St. Giles's in the Fields,	98
Miles, Mr.—This tomb is a Milestone,	135
Muggleton, Ludovick—teacher of the society that bears his name,	138
Mjllaship, Mary—Stepney,	144
My Grandmother was buried here,	161
Maghi, John—an incomparable boy at Venice,	166
Miller, Joe—St. Clement's Danes burying ground,	167
Mence, Sarah,	192
Middlewood, Maria—Whitechapel,	209
Mason, Mary—by her husband, Rev. W. Mason,	224

Maud, Queen, wife of Henry I.—Westminster Abbey, 44	
Moody, Elizabeth—Bristol,	262

N.

Nelson, Lord,	2, 3
Newcomin, Mr.—of Clare Hall, Cambridge,	22
Noakes, Thomas—All Saints, Hastings, Sussex,	62
Newman, Mrs.—Belthamp, St. Paul's, Essex,	72
Norton, John—Ixworth, near Bury,	116
Nigh to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,	167
Norfolk, Duchess of—Howard's Chapel, Lambeth, ..	177
Nordell, Richard—St. Edmand's the King, London, ..	264
Nash, Richard, of Bath,	270

O.

O cruel Death ! how could you be so unkind,	14
Ovid, on himself,	79
Oxenham, on the—from Howell's Letters,	96
Only, Jane—Hackney,	132
O fairest Pattern to a falling age,	186
Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,	190
Oldfield, Mrs.—The celebrated actress,	203
O vain man ! what haughtiness thou assumest !	207
Of Carthage great I was a stone,	211

P.

Passenger, stay, read, walk, here lyeth,	1
Poole, Frances, viscountess Palmerston,	11
Prelate, Martin Mar—a Welshman,	28
Pentreath, Dolly—Paul's church-yard, Mousehole, Cornwall,	ib,
Philæti, the son-in-law, and Duseris, the step-mo- ther,	49
Palavicini, Sir Horatio—Collector of the Pope's taxes in the reign of queen Mary,	ib,
Pearce, Dicky—Berkley church-yard, Gloucestershire, ..	62

Picket, Elizabeth—Stoke Newington, Middlesex,	84
Parkins, Sir Thomas—Bunney, Nottinghamshire,	86
Peter, the Wild Boy—North Church, Herts,	91
Pendulum, Peter—Abercromway, Wales,	100
Philips, Charles Claudius—Wolverhampton,	108
Parsons, William, the comedian—Lee, Kent,	114
Pitt, Catherine—Lambeth,	116
Pyne, Captain Valentine—Tower church, London,	120
Pendrel, Richard—St. Giles's in the Fields,	127
Pemberton, Robin—South Shields,	133
Page, Dame Mary—Bunhill Fields,	134
Parker, Jane, Peterborough cathedral,	139
Page, Tom—Norwich cathedral,	170
Pulteney, Daniel—Westminster Abbey,	196
Puckering, John—St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Ab- bey,	197
Pembroke, Countess of—by Ben Jonson,	199
Percy, Henrietta Maria, Blandford, Dorsetshire,	207
Palin, William—Bermondsey, Surry,	222
Parr, Thomas, who lived to the age of 152 years,	230
Phillips, John, the poet—Westminster Abbey,	232
Penlez, Bosavern,	234
Pritchard, Mrs.—Westminster Abbey,	239
Pitt, the Right Hon. William—by Mr. Cumberland, ...	264
Pope, Alexander, Esq.	266

Q.

Quin, Mr. James—by Garrick,	161
-----------------------------------	-----

R.

Ricketts, Sarah—Barking, Essex,	13
Reader! beware the path you tread,	23
Rolle, Denys, Esq.—Bickton church, Devon,	31
Reynolds, Sir Joshua—by Goldsmith,	47
Reader, pass on, ne'er waste your time,	59
Reader, this stone solicits not thy tear,	93
Rose, Miss, of Kilrayock, in Ireland,	95
Return'd to earth, within this dirty hole,	103

Rutter, Samuel, Bishop of Sodor and Man,	109
Roberts, James, an eminent printer,	118
Ralph, old, a humorous old man in Shropshire,	119
Rich, Joyce—Stepney,	147
Rose, Dr.—Chiswick,	151
Row, Frank—Selby, Yorkshire,	171
Robespierre, <i>the French Regicide</i> ,	191
Reader, if e'er you priz'd a fav'rite flower,	209
Russell, Lord John—Westminster Abbey—by his Lady	210
Robinson, Hannah—Litchfield—by Miss Seward,	213
Rowe, Nicholas—Westminster Abbey,	250
Rich, William, of Lydiard Close	269

S.

Spellings and his wife—St. Peters, Canterbury,	12
Shall We All Die,	17
Stop, Reader, here, and deign a look,	21
South, Rev. John—Ludgvan church, Cornwall,	26
Saville, Mrs.	29
Southampton, Lady—Exeter cathedral,	ib:
Sleath, Robert, Turnpike-man, at Worcester,	30
Styren, the Rev. R.—Kendall,	32
Spong, John, carpenter at Ockham, Surry, ...	70
Sirutton, William—Heydon, Yorkshire,	ib:
Sewell, Joe—Great Cornard, Suffolk,	71
Stevens, George Alexander—by Captain Thomson, ...	74
Saltkill, Mary—Fulham, Middlesex,	81
Smith, Christopher, alias Thumb,	90
See from the earth the faded lily rise,	92
Saul, Daniel—St. Dunstan's, Stepney,	101
Scot, Margaret—Dalkieth,	102
Scrip, Timothy, a stock-broker,	104
Sterne, Rev. Laurence—St. George's Hanover Square,	108
.....	107
So, Captain John,	117
Stone, Sir William—St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-Street,	126
Sherry, John, an old hawker,	128
Smith, Thomas, and his wife—Woodford, Essex,	129

Saffin, Thomas—Stepney,	130
Sullen, Mr. John,	133
Sheridan, Dr.	134
Shore, John,	138
Simons, Mary—Stepney,	142
Spart, Sir Thomas—Stepney,	142
Slorthose, Tom—St. Alban's, Wood-Street,	157
Sarfen, Jane—Winsley, near Bradford, Wilts,	173
Selby, Dame Dorothy—Ightham, Kent,	174
Shermendinge, Zadock—St. Brides, Fleet-Street,	176
Squire, Mrs. Rockey—Newington Butts,	182
Skyppwith, Richard—St. Peter's, St. Alban's,	187
Singleton, Mary—Bury St. Edmund's	190
Scott, Saunders—a Scotch epitaph,	194
Subdu'd by death, his stepmother, herè lies,	198
Scott, Grace—Westminster Abbey,	226
Shakspeare,	236
Sextone, Mary, who never vex'd one,	241
Stanhope, Philip, Earl of—Westminster Abbey,	251
Sandwich, Edward, Earl of—in the same,	16
Selby, Elizabeth—Bernondsey,	252
Scarlet, old, the sexton—Peterborough cathedral,	256
Swift, Dean—by Bettersworth,	265
Soame, Stephen—Thurloe, Suffolk,	268
Soame, Frances,	269

T.

Though here in death thy relics lie,	6
The 18th August I was at Foot's Crav,	12
This maid no elegance of form possess'd,	15
Touch not the grave, my bones, not yet the dust,	16
That death should thus from hence our butler catch,	45
Tallis, the musician,	47
Two grand-mothers, with their two grand-daughters,	71
Theodore, King of Corsica—St. Ann's, Soho,	73
Taylor, Miriam—Bishopgate, London,	125
Trullio, John James—St. Nazarro, Milan,	127

Traveller, be not in a hurry—Schweizer, Prussia, 1797	191
Thornton, Margaretta—St. Giles's in the Fields, 1797	190
Thomson, James, The Poet, 1797	190
Treherne, John, Gentleman Porter to James I. 1797	190
Tradescants, on the—Lambeth, 1797	190
Tame, John—Fairford, Gloucestershire, 1797	190
Tomkinson, Thomas—of Slade House, 1797	190
Trembel, Sir William—by Pope, 1797	190
The railing world turn'd poet, made a play, 1797	190
Trey, Simon—Hampstead, 1797	190
Tatton, Mrs.—Widenshaw, Cheshire, 1797	190
This world is full of crooked streets, 1797	190
Thompson, Francis—Allerton Nottinghamshire, 1797	190
Thomsons, The family of the—Bermondsey, 1797	190
Trolop, Sir John, 1797	190
The wedding day appointed was, 1797	190

U.

Under this marble or under this will, 1797	190
--	-----

V.

Vast strong was I, but yet did dye, 1797	190
Vernon, Hon. Miss—Sudbury Church, Derbyshire, 1797	190
Voguel, Mary—Camberwell, 1797	190
Vesenbeck, Jacob—Shoreditch, 1797	190
Vertue, George, Engraver—Westminster Abbey Cloisters, 1797	190
Vanbutchel, Mrs. 1797	190
Vere, Sir Francis, 1797	190

W.

Wine gives life ; it was death to me, 1797	6
Without effects died Nolo Pros, 1797	9
Williams, Sir William—by Gray, 1797	10
Webb, John—Yeovil, Somerset, 1797	22
Who would not weep upon a matron's tomb, 1797	24

Wentworth, Maria—Toddingdon, Bedfordshire,	25
Wesp not for me my husband dear,	28
Watts, Clapper—Leigh Delamere church-yard,	33
Wenlock, William de—Luton church, Bedfordshire, ..	38
Who in his life-time he a pleasure took,	41
Walker, Mr. Richard—St. Martin's Leicester,	45
Welch gentleman, on one—Elaorhaider church, near Denbigh,	52
Whether in the other world she'll know her brother John,	57
Walworth, Sir William—St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, ..	130
Whitehead, Paul—at the seat of Lord le Despencer, ..	144
Weldon, Susanna—Farnbeth,	162
Weaver, John, St. James's, Clerkenwell,	169
Wilde, John—Lowestoft, Suffolk,	171
Whitacres, the family of—Tower church,	181
Wesley, John, Rev.—burying ground City Road,	188
Walmsley, Gilbert, Esq.—by Mr. Seward,	200
Warner, Thomas—Westham, Essex,	213
Widdooson, Joseph—Bermondsey, Surry,	219
Waller, the poet,	222
Wheatly, William—Stepney,	224
Walpole, Lady Catherine—Westminster Abbey,	226
Wolfe, General,	231
Wager, Sir Charles—Westminster Abbey,	242
Wylde, Will—Bermondsey,	253
Winchelsea, Marquis of—by Dryden,	255
Wotton, Sir Henry,	264
Woollett—the celebrated engraver,	271

Y.

You think, perhaps, I am dead,	78
Yale, Elisha—Wrexham, Denbighshire,	136
Ye few who here, by contemplation led,	272

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